

OCTOBER  
No. 21

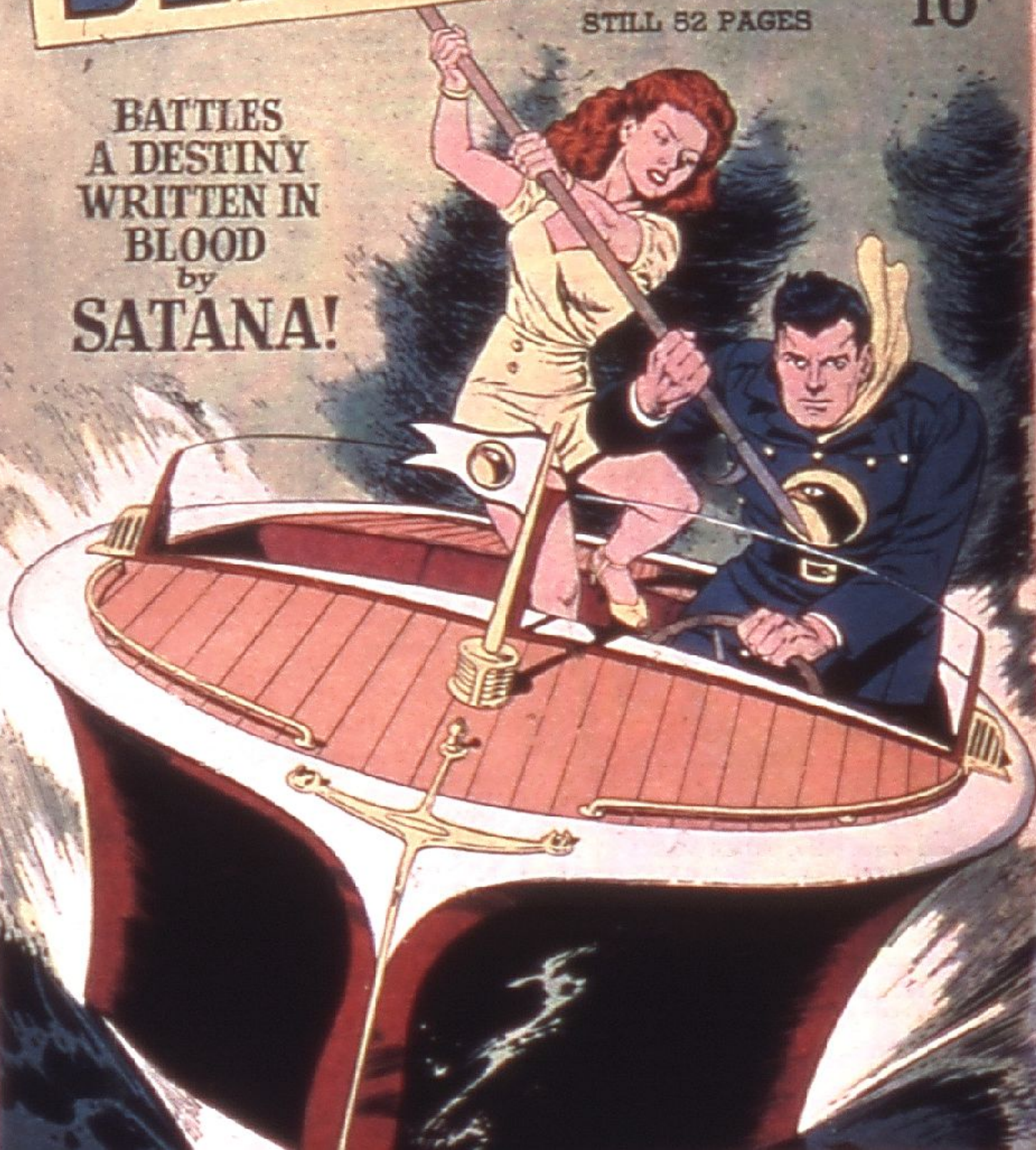
# BLACKHAWK



STILL 52 PAGES

10¢

BATTLES  
A DESTINY  
WRITTEN IN  
BLOOD  
by  
**SATANA!**







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



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NAME.....  
STREET..... P.O. ZONE.....  
CITY..... STATE.....

IT PULLS ON  
OVER THE  
HEAD LIKE  
A DIVER'S  
HELMET



NOW WATCH ME HAVE  
SOME FUN WITH THE  
GANG TONIGHT AT  
THE MASQUERADE



THE MYSTERI-  
OUS CLOWN  
SURE HAS THE  
GIRLS ALL ADOG

WHO IS HE  
AND WHERE  
DID HE GET  
THAT MASK

BOY! WOULD  
I HAVE FUN  
WITH THAT  
CLOWN FACE

YOU'RE  
FUNNIER  
WITH YOUR  
OWN

## SEND NO MONEY!

Just mail coupon below. ORDER MASKS BY NAME as listed in this ad. All masks priced at \$2.95, except Santa Claus (\$4.95). When package arrives pay postman the price plus C.O. D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All masks guaranteed perfect.

## RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS INC.

6044 Arundale Ave., Dept. 53-11, Chicago 31, Illinois



BLACKHAWK

# Blackhawk



...No man or woman born  
...can shun his destiny!"

- Bryant

From the seething chemicals in a thousand test tubes, from the spattering lightning of complex machinery, an obscure scientist discovers a nuclear formula which dwarfs the atom bomb by its sheer power... X-235! And from that moment the destiny of Dr. Howard Hansen is written in blood, written in the hand of a woman known only as **SATANA!**

In this weird drama, Destiny beckons an enticing finger to *The BLACKHAWK*



In a homemade laboratory, a nuclear scientist finally realizes a lifelong ambition....

CORA! CORA! COME QUICKLY! I'VE DONE IT! I'VE DONE IT!



MY LIFE'S WORK IS OVER, CORA DARLING! I'VE FINALLY CRACKED THE INTER-MEDIARY NEUTRON INTO A DEFINITE SUBSTANCE KNOWN AS X-285!

OH, DAD! I'M SO THRILLED! TELL ME ABOUT IT!



IT'S A TREMENDOUS STEP FORWARD! IN GOOD HANDS IT WILL REVOLUTIONIZE INDUSTRY AND MEDICINE! IT CAN BE EITHER A BOON TO MANKIND...OR IT CAN BE MAN'S FINAL ACT ON EARTH!



B--BUT, DAD! YOU CAN'T GO OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS! IT'S RAINING CATS AND DOGS!

I'VE GOT TO, DEAR! I'M SO EXCITED! I JUST WANT TO WALK AND FEEL THE RAIN BEATING ON MY FACE!



Five minutes later...

WAIT HERE, POKEY! THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE!



RIGHT! HURRY UP AND DRAG THE OLD MAN OUT, BAXTER! THIS CAPER'S GOT ME NERVOUS!

NO FIREWORKS, MIKE! WE WANT THIS GUY ALIVE!

I GOTCHA!



WH...? WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WE'LL CHAT INSIDE, LADY! LET'S GET IN OUT OF THE RAIN!

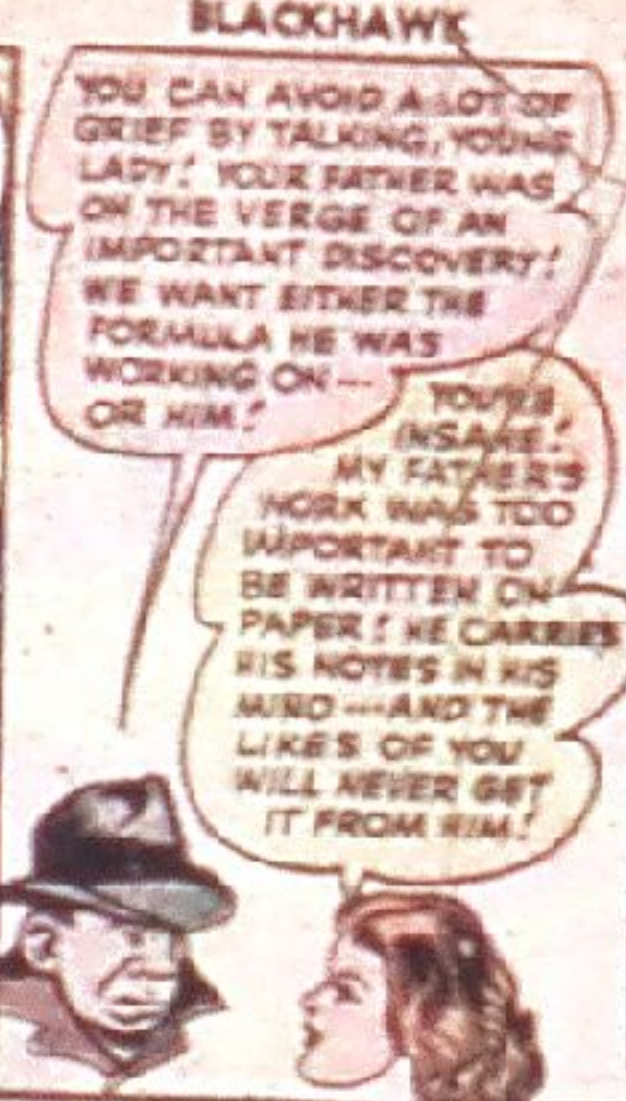






LET GO OF ME, YOU BEAST! HOW DARE YOU--

CASE THE HOUSE, MIKE! IF YOU CAN'T FIND THE OLD MAN, TRY TO GRAB HIS PAPERS!



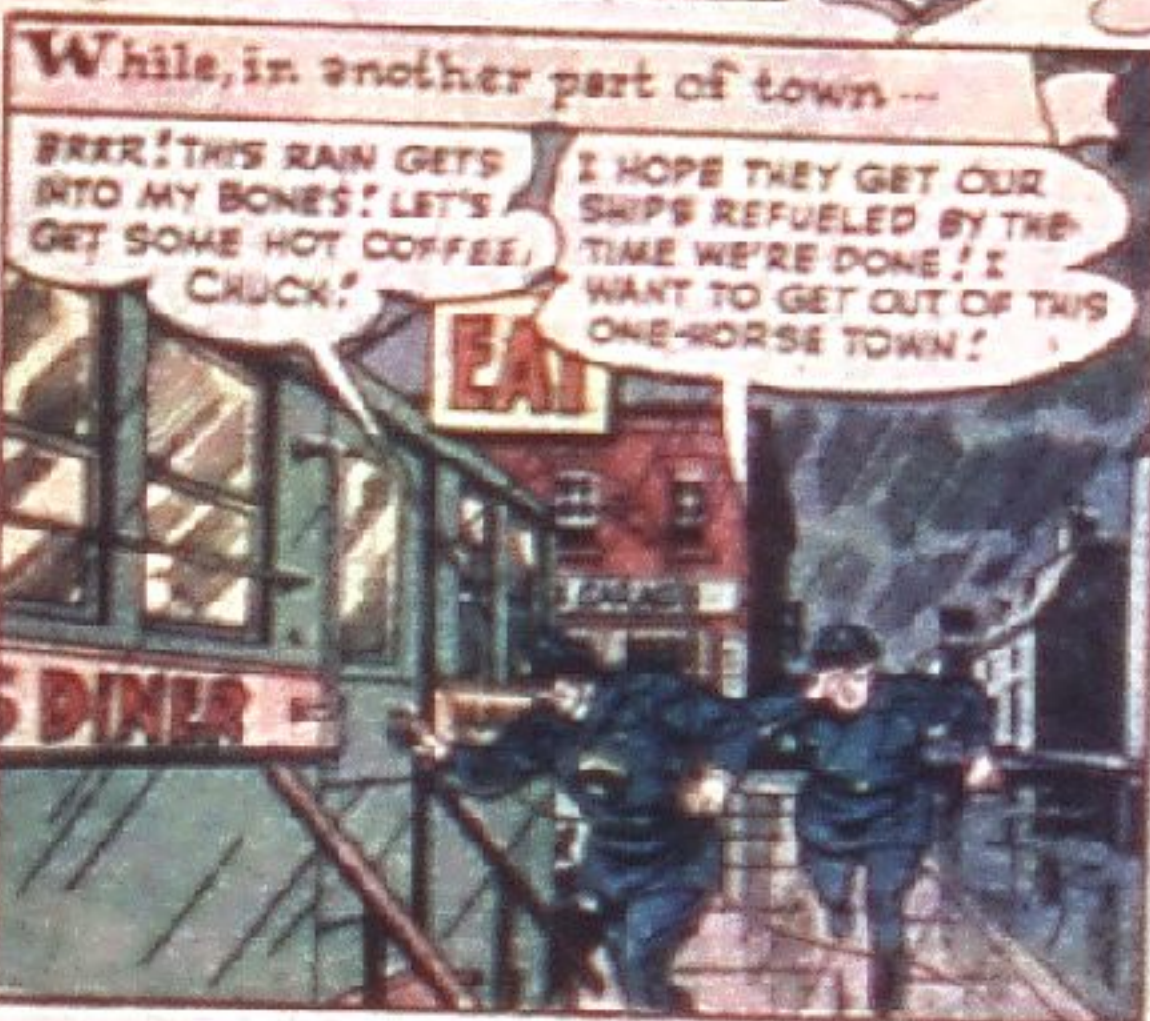
YOU CAN AVOID A LOT OF GRIEF BY TALKING, YOUNG LADY! YOUR FATHER WAS ON THE VERGE OF AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY! WE WANT EITHER THE FORMULA HE WAS WORKING ON-- OR HIM!

YOU'RE INSANE! MY FATHER'S WORK WAS TOO IMPORTANT TO BE WRITTEN ON PAPER! HE CARRIES HIS NOTES IN HIS MIND--AND THE LIKES OF YOU WILL NEVER GET IT FROM HIM!



NO SIGN OF THE OLD MAN AND NOT A SCRAP OF PAPER IN THE JOINT!

THE DAME COMES WITH US! SHE MAY FEEL LIKE TALKING A LITTLE MORE UNDER PRESSURE! PUT THE HEAT ON THE PLACE AND LET'S DUST!



While, in another part of town--

BRRR! THIS RAIN GETS INTO MY BONES! LET'S GET SOME HOT COFFEE, CHUCK!

I HOPE THEY GET OUR SHIPS REFUELED BY THE TIME WE'RE DONE! I WANT TO GET OUT OF THIS ONE-HORSE TOWN!



RAININ' LIKE OL' HARRY, EH, BOYS? WHAT'LL IT BE?

COFFEE-- AND MAKE IT HOT AND STRONG!

SAME HERE!



PULL OVER, POKEY! THERE'S BUNSEN NOW!

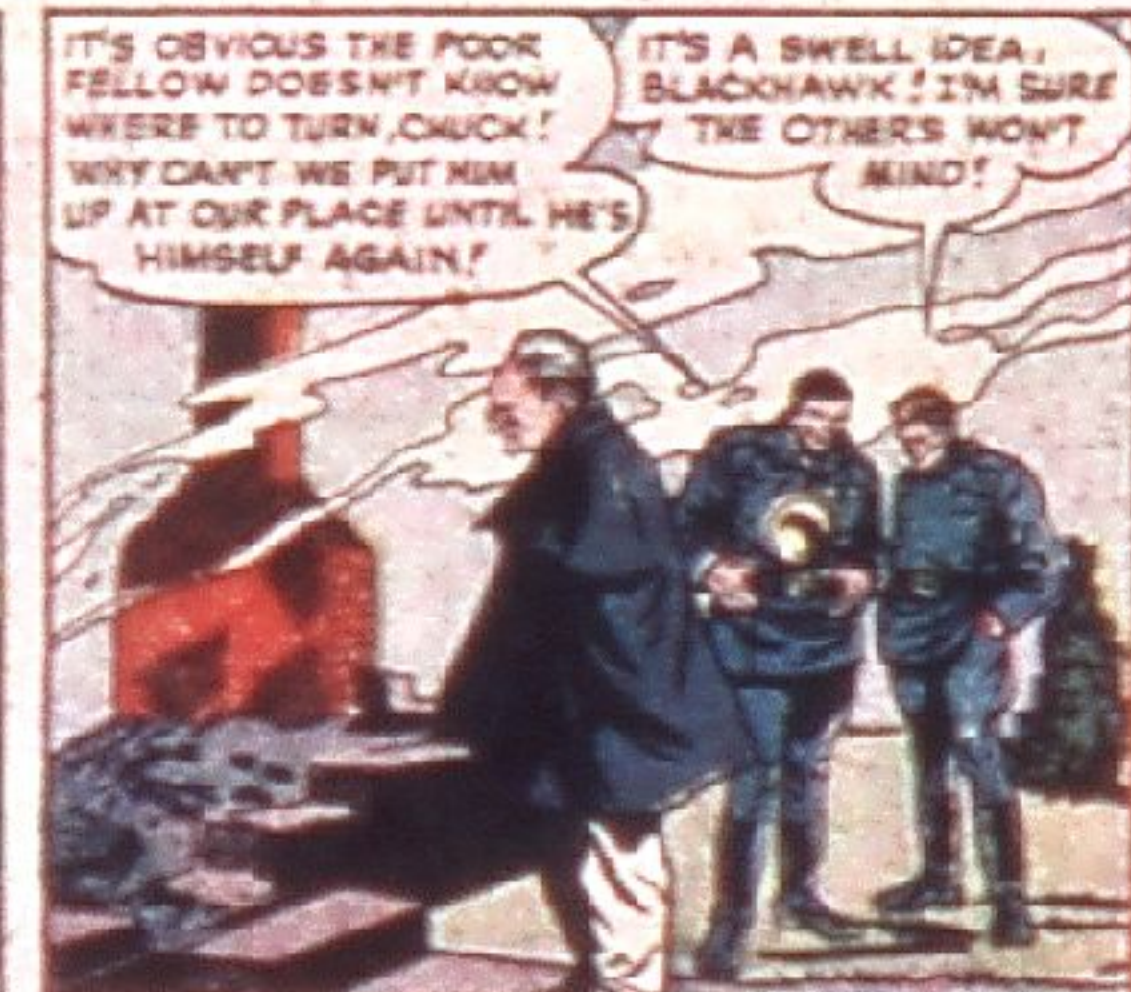
THE OLD BOY WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!



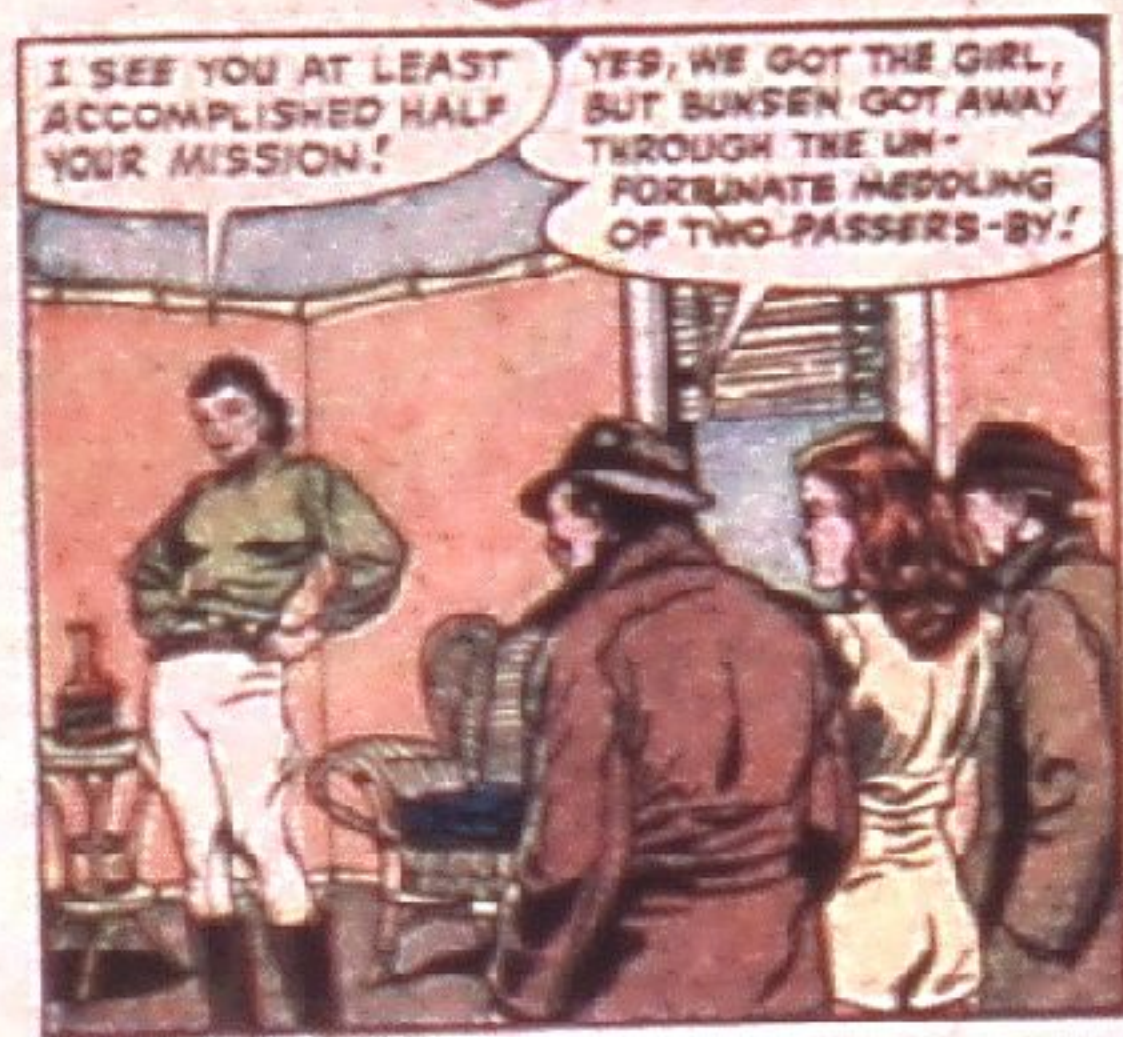
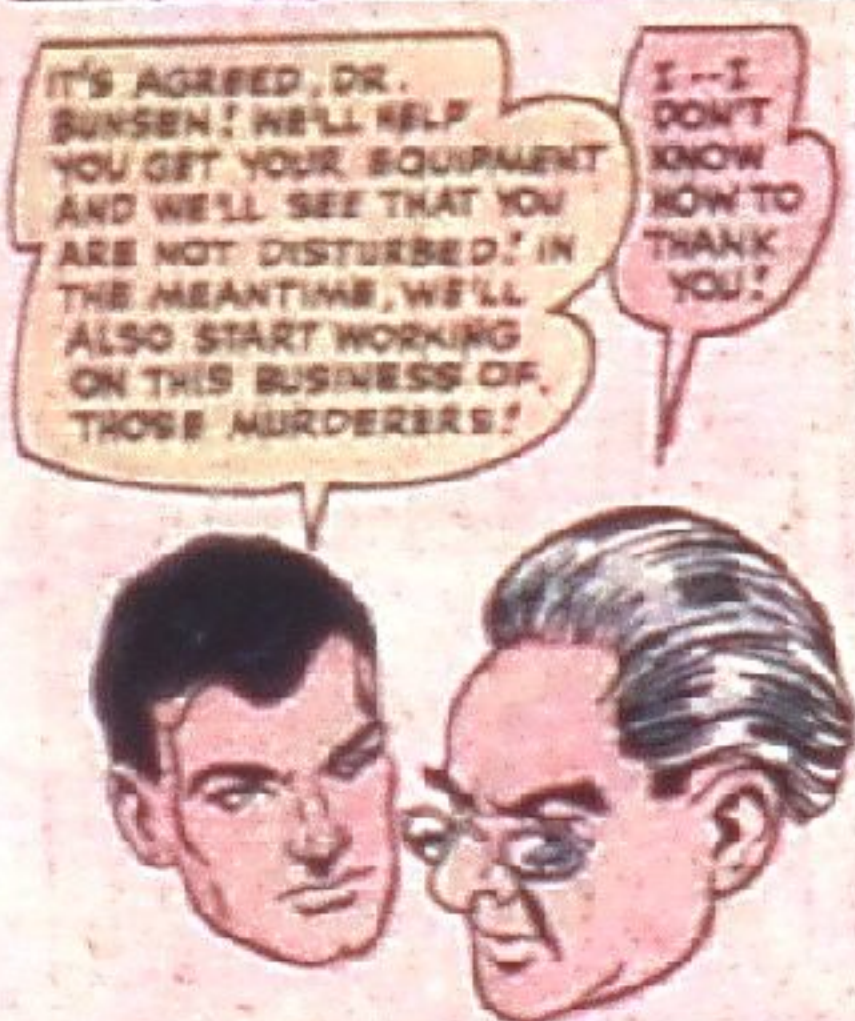
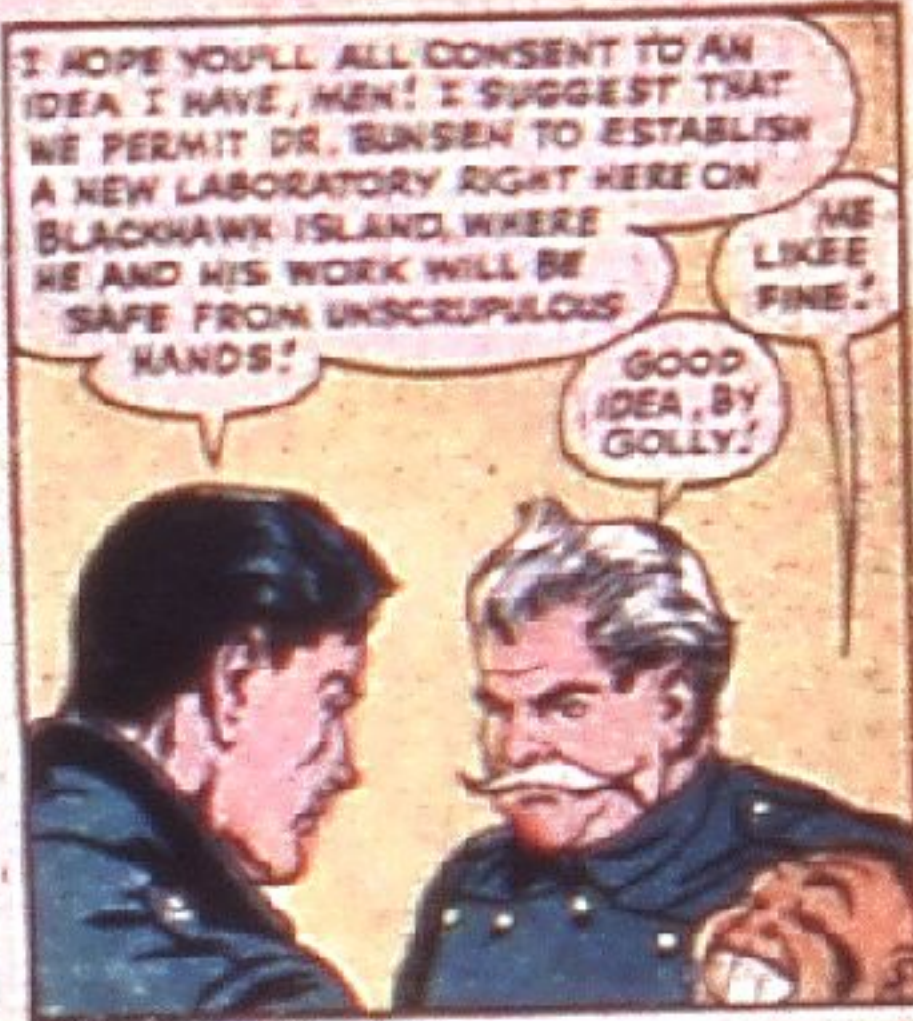
WH---? HELLLP! UGH!

SHUT UP, BUNSEN! YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO GROAN BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH WITH YOU!













WE JUST GOT A FLASH FROM MARSDEN! BUNSEN HAS ESTABLISHED ANOTHER LABORATORY ON A PLACE CALLED BLACKHAWK ISLAND!

BLACKHAWK ISLAND, EH? GOOD! DRAG THESE CORPSES AWAY! THEY REVOLT ME!



I'VE NEGLECTED YOU TERRIBLY, MY DEAR! WE'VE SO MUCH TO TALK ABOUT! I UNDERSTAND FLYING IS YOUR HOBBY! IT'S MINE, TOO!

I'D MUCH PREFER DISCUSSING YOUR PLANS CONCERNING MY FATHER AND MYSELF!



WELL, IF WE MUST TALK ABOUT BUSINESS, VERY WELL! MY PLANS CONCERNING YOUR FATHER ARE QUITE SIMPLE! I WANT EITHER HIM OR HIS FORMULA! AS FAR AS YOU'RE CONCERNED, I WONDER IF YOU'VE NOTICED A MARKED SIMILARITY BETWEEN US!

I HAVE, BUT IT DOESN'T FLATTER ME!



HELLO, DRISCOLL? SEND UP MY HAIR-DRESSER AND DIG UP ANYTHING IN THE FILES PERTAINING TO DOCTOR OR MISS BUNSEN!

JUST WHAT DO YOU INTEND DOING, YOU VAMPIRE?



TSK! TSK! IT'S AMAZING HOW STUPID SOME OF OUR MOST BRILLIANT SCIENTISTS CAN BE! X-235 WOULD BE WASTED ON HUMANITY UNLESS IT WERE USED AS A WEAPON!

WHAT DO YOU PRETEND TO KNOW ABOUT HUMANITY, SHE-WOLF?



ARE YOU BEGINNING TO GET AN INKING OF MY PLANS, MISS BUNSEN? HOW DO I LOOK, GEORGE?

TERRIFIC! YOU TWO COULD PASS AS TWIN SISTERS!

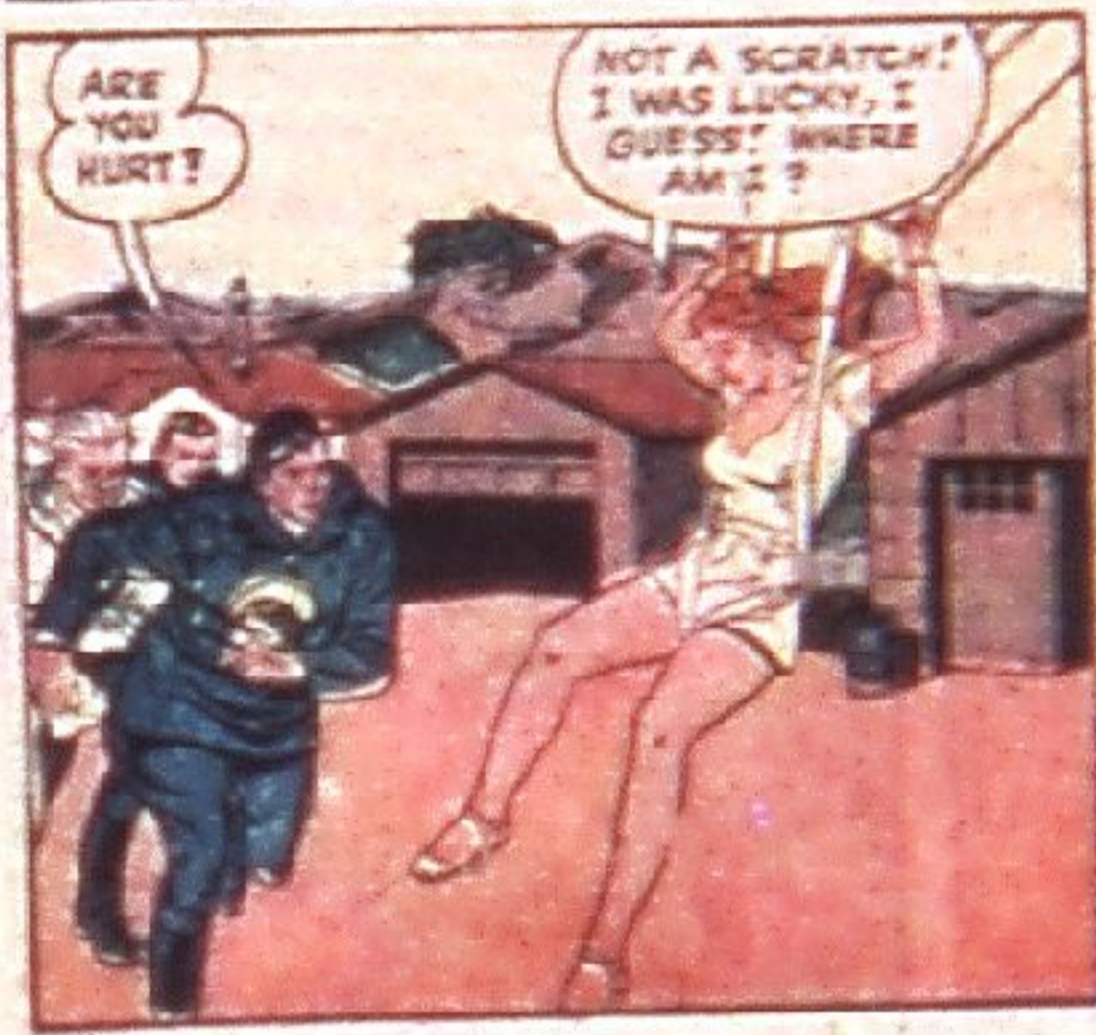


NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY, BOTH OF YOU! I WANT MY SHIP RIDDLED WITH BULLETS, RIGHT NOW! THEN, LOAD THE OTHER SHIP WITH BLANKS, GET IT?

B-BUT ... OH WELL, YOU'RE THE BOSS!



# BLACKHAWK







RIGHT! I SHOULD BE ABLE TO PICK HIM UP!



YES, BUT FIRST LET'S HEAR YOUR STORY, CORA!



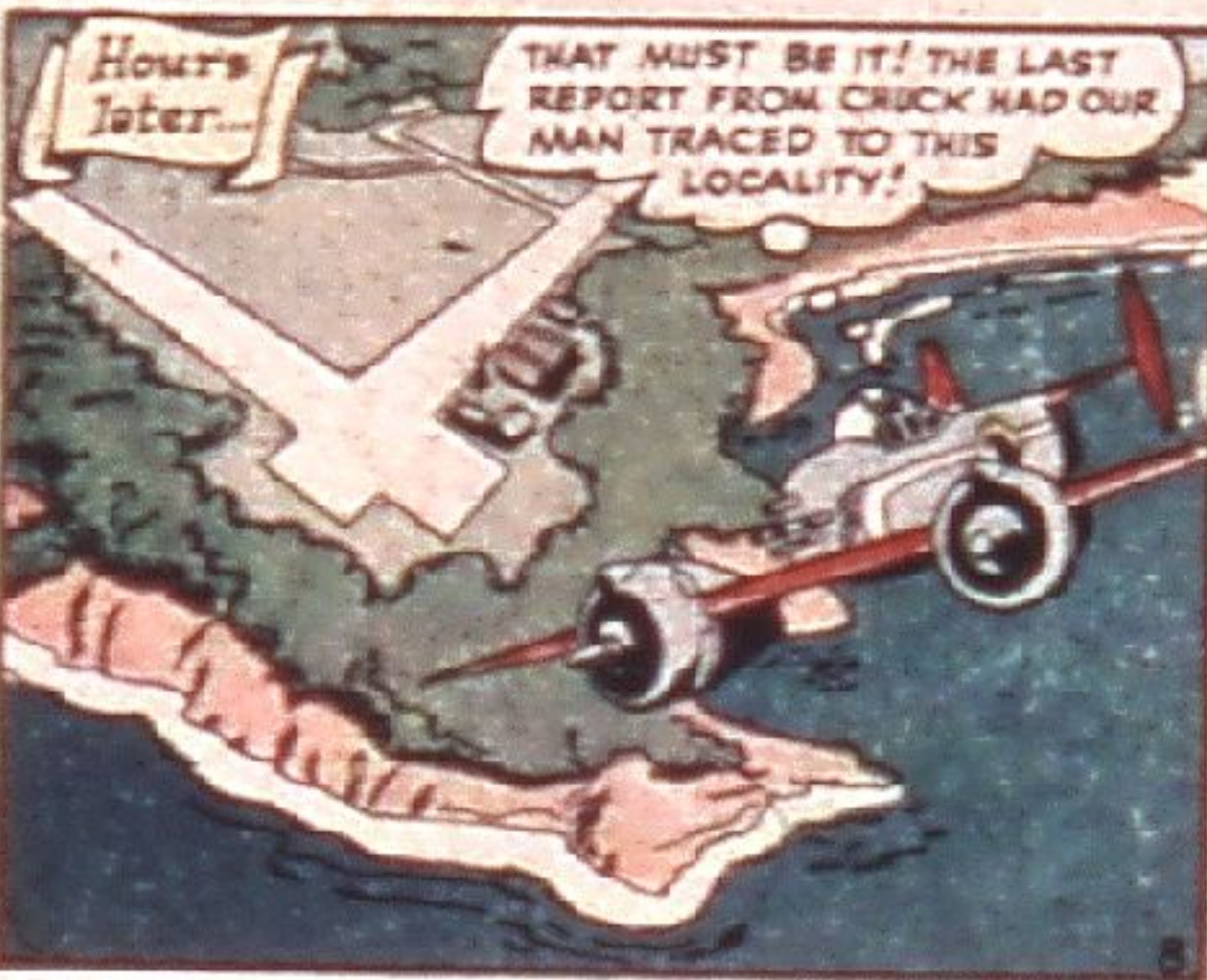
IT IS TOO BAD YOU COULDN'T PLOT PER COURSE SO WE COULD BACK-TRACK AND LOCATE DOT ISLAND!



GOOD! I'LL TAKE OFF AND KEEP IN TOUCH WITH YOU ON THE USUAL FREQUENCY! KEEP TABS ON HIM AS LONG AS POSSIBLE! I'LL RADIO YOU FROM TIME TO TIME FOR MORE POSITIONS!



NOT AT ALL, OLAF! IF THERE'S A KILL, YOU'LL BE IN ON IT! IN THE MEANTIME, KEEP AN EYE ON CORA AND DR. BUNSEN!



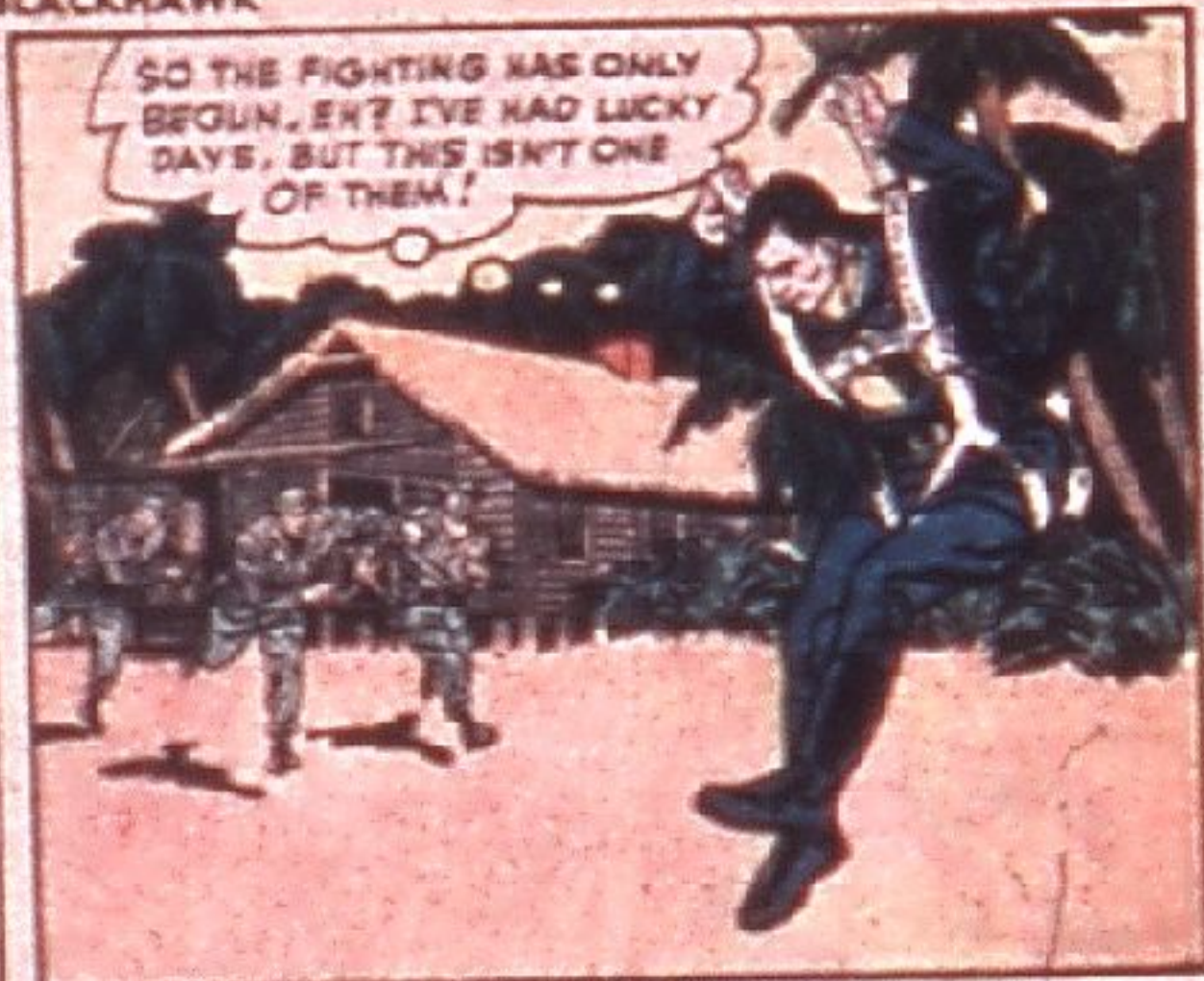
Hour's later...

THAT MUST BE IT! THE LAST REPORT FROM CRUCK HAD OUR MAN TRACED TO THIS LOCALITY!



CHUCK FROM BLACKHAWK! MAY DAY, MAY DAY! FIX MY POSITION! I'VE BEEN JUMPED!





DON'T BLAST HIM!  
TAKE HIM ALIVE!



GOT HIM, BOYS!  
HE'S THROUGH!



G-GOSH! I  
WISH THERE WERE  
SOMETHING I  
COULD DO FOR  
YOU!



I KNOW! THAT WAS  
SATANA, BLACK-  
HAWK! I WAS  
KIDNAPPED AND  
TAKEN HERE! SHE  
DISGUISED HER-  
SELF AS ME AND  
WENT ON HER  
DIRTY MISSION!



IF X-236  
FALLS INTO HER  
HANDS, HEAVEN  
ALONE KNOWS  
WHAT WILL  
HAPPEN!



But the message is received, and Blackhawk Island hums with activity...

EV AVANT, MES AMIS! ZE MESSAGE FROM BLACKHAWK WAS URGENT! WE MUST NOT WASTE ZE TIME!

HE SAID HE WAS JUMPED! DOT MEANS FIGHTERS! WE MUST FLY A CLOSE, FAST FORMATION!

But no sooner do the planes take off, then...

ALL RIGHT, YOU DODDERING OLD FOOL! I'VE LISTENED TO YOUR WISHY-WASHY PRATTING LONG ENOUGH! GET INTO THAT SHACK AND START TALKING!

WH--? C-CORA---IT CAN'T B-BE!



AND DON'T CALL ME CORA! YOUR STUPID FRIENDS WILL BE GONE AT LEAST FIVE HOURS, IF NOT FOREVER! SO START TALKING! I WANT X-235... AND I WANT IT NOW!

OHHH!



While, in the dungeon...

I HEAR PLANES APPROACHING! IT'S THE BLACKHAWKS-- I CAN TELL BY THEIR ENGINE HUMS! IF I COULD ONLY SIGNAL THEM!

THEY MUST BE WARNED!

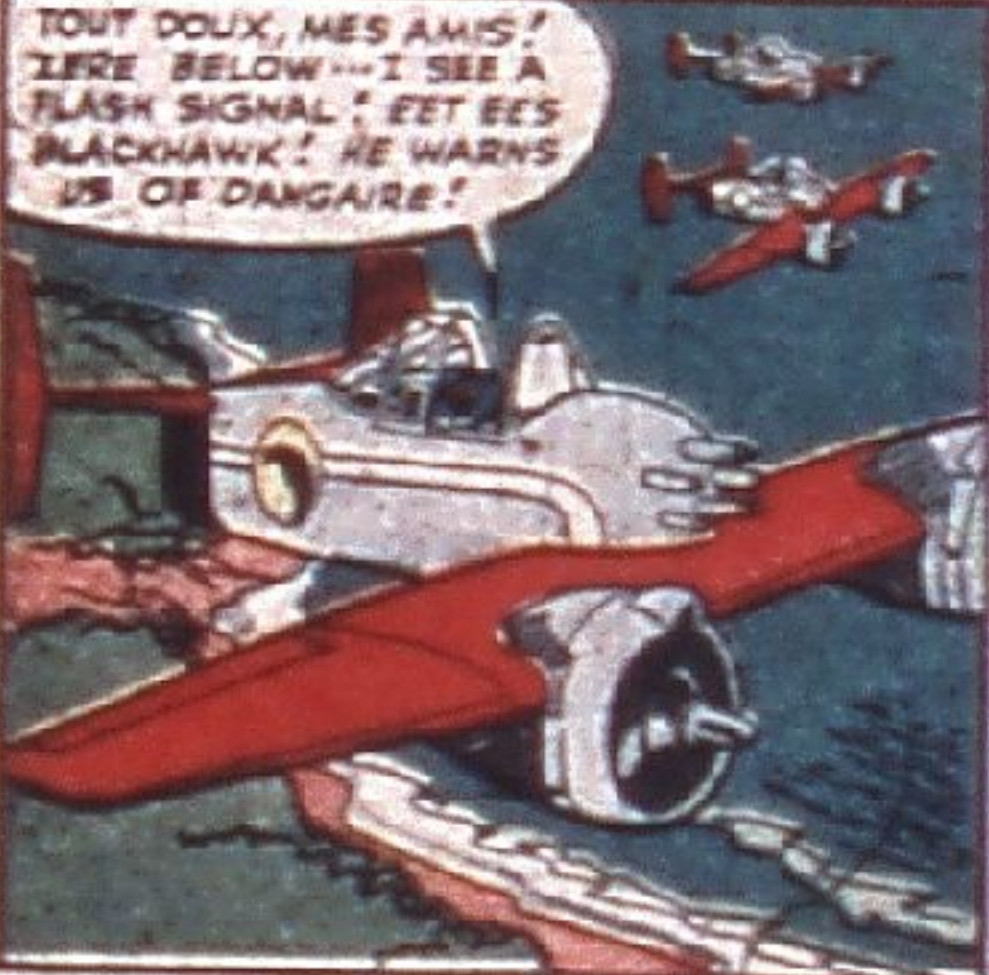


HERE! PERHAPS THIS WILL DO!

PERFECT! I'LL FLASH THEM AS SOON AS THEY GET IN SIGHT!

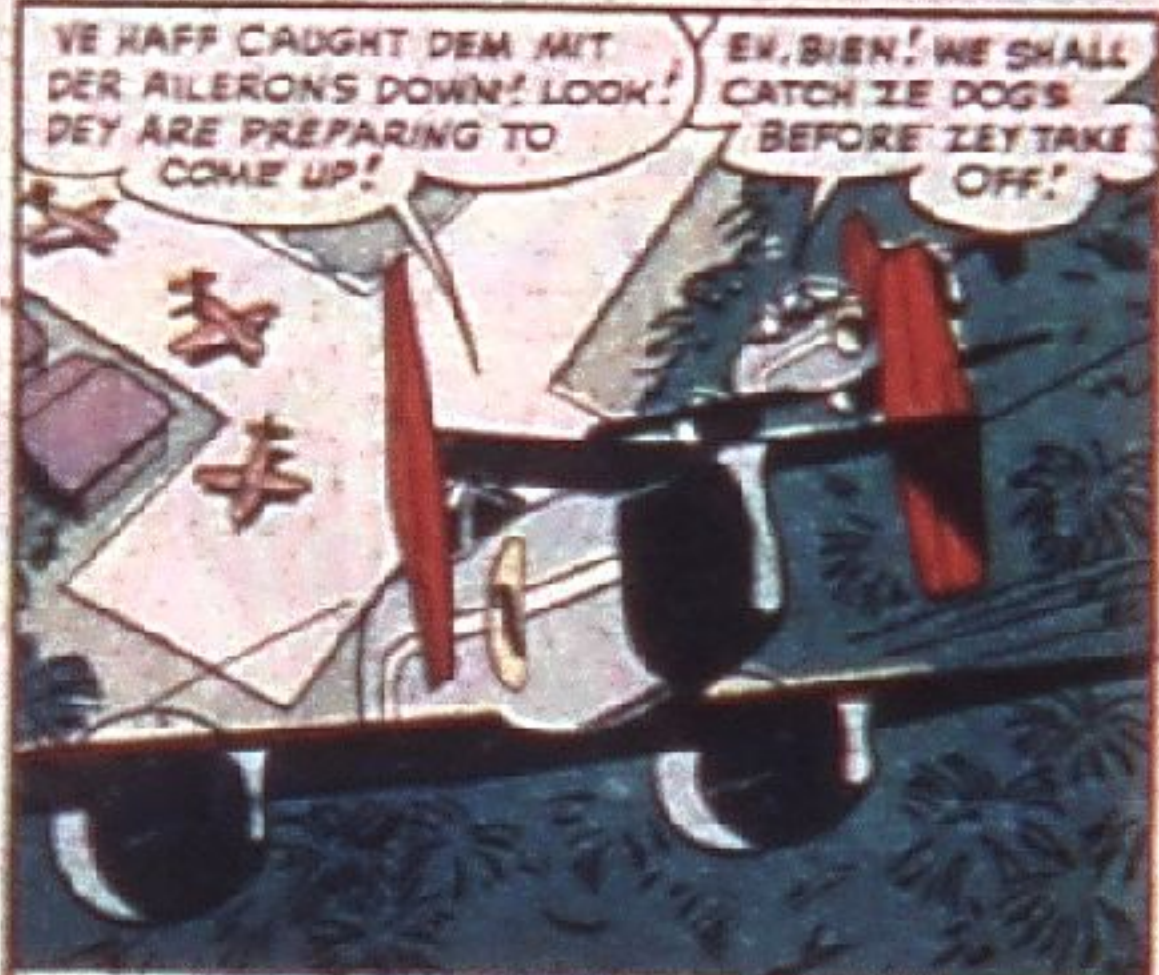


TOUT DOUX, MES AMIS! ZERE BELOW-- I SEE A FLASH SIGNAL! EET EES BLACKHAWK! HE WARNS US OF DANGERE!



VE HAFF CAUGHT DEM MIT DER AILERONS DOWN! LOOK! DEY ARE PREPARING TO COME UP!

EV, BIEN! WE SHALL CATCH ZE DOGS BEFORE ZEY TAKE OFF!





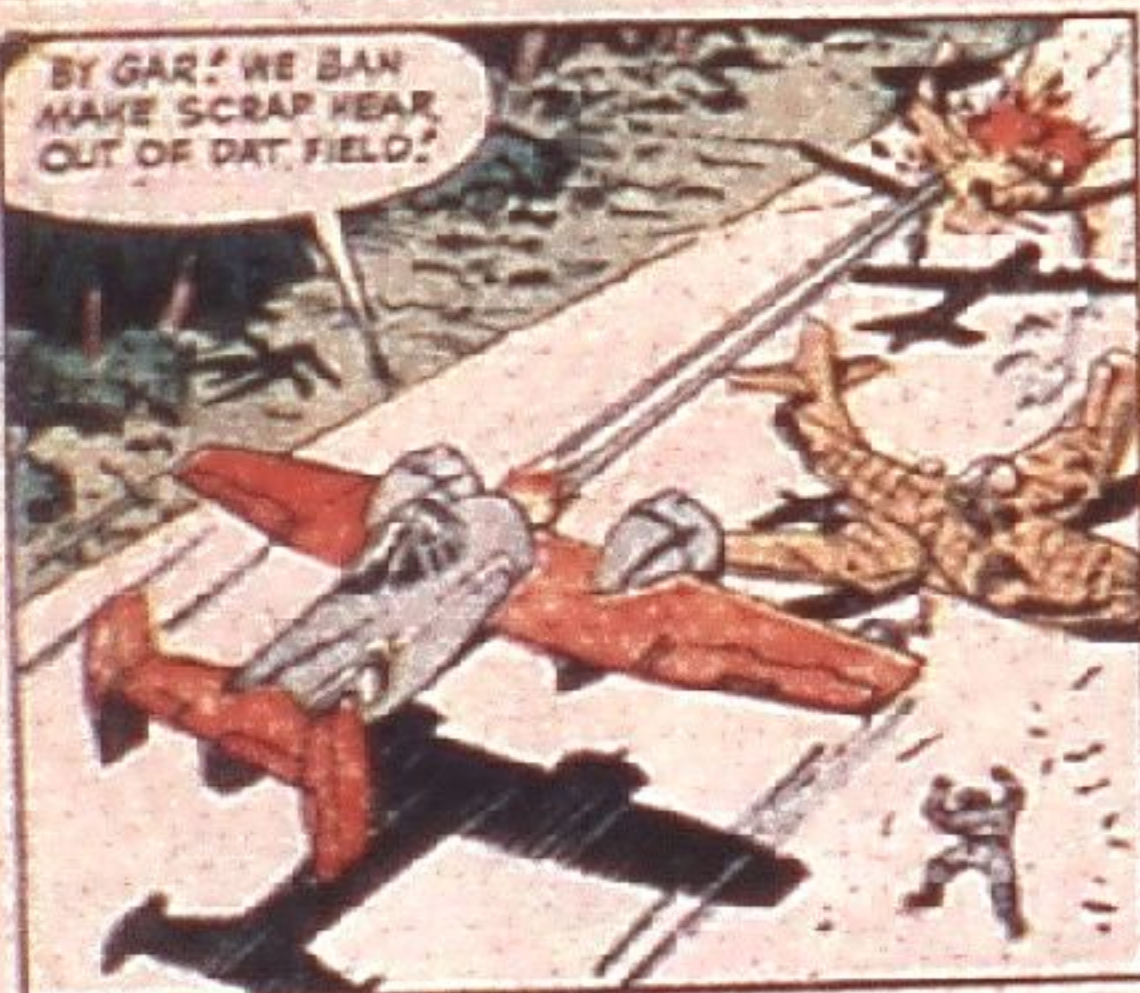
**HAWKAAA!**



ZIS CALLS FOR A RETURN ENGAGEMENT! ZEY STEEL TRY TO TAKE OFF!

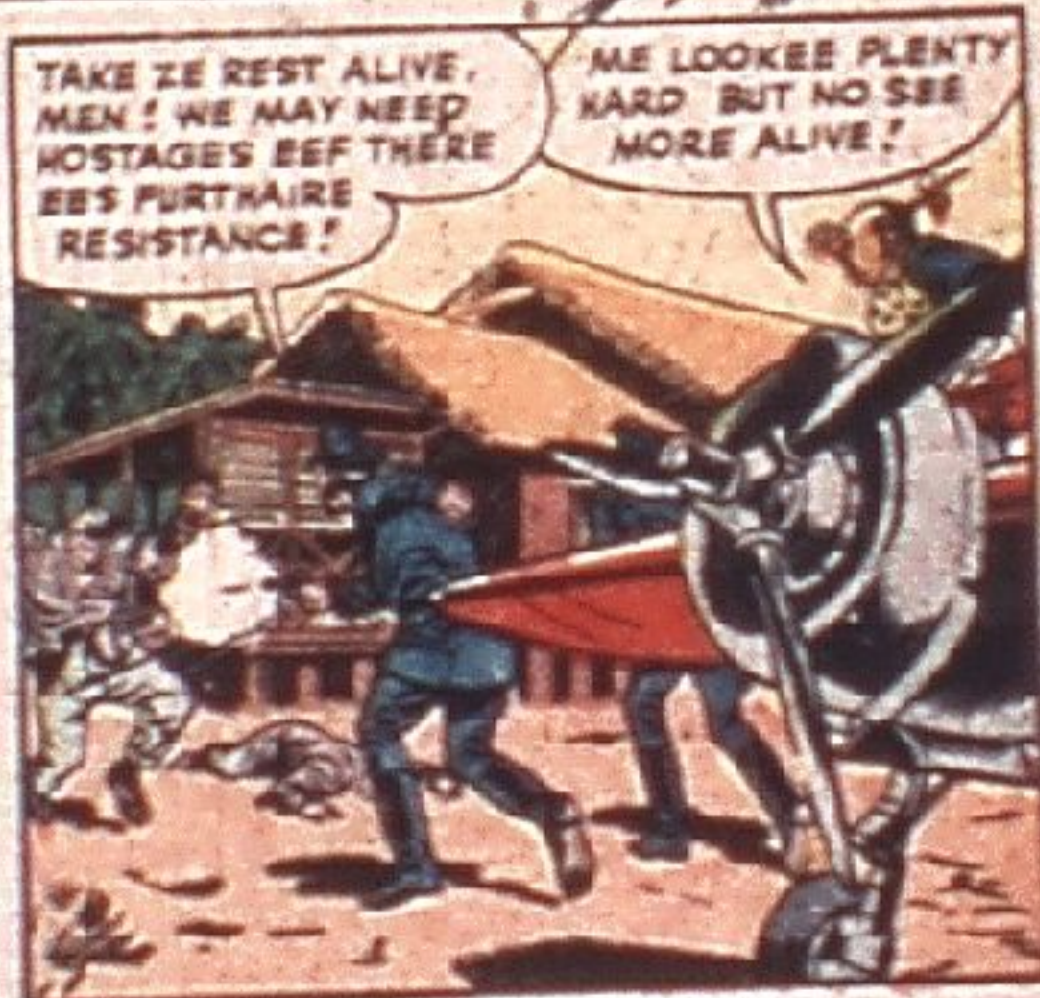


BY GAR! WE BAN MAKE SCRAP HEAR OUT OF DAT FIELD!



TAKE ZE REST ALIVE, MEN! WE MAY NEED HOSTAGES EFF THERE EES FURTHAIRE RESISTANCE!

ME LOOKEE PLENTY HARD BUT NO SEE MORE ALIVE!



SPEAK, COCHON, OR I WEEEL SILENCE YOU FOREVAIRE! WHERE DO YOU KEEP BLACKHAWK?

I'LL...?GULP! SHOW YOU! DON'T SHOOT!



SACRE BLEU! DO I SEE DOUBLE — OR EES ZAT ZE DAUGHTER OF DR. BUNSEN?

THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE MEN! WE'VE BEEN TRICKED LIKE SCHOOLBOYS! THIS IS THE REAL CORA BUNSEN! THE OTHER GIRL IS A DANGEROUS IMPOSTER!





# BLACKHAWK



WE MUST HURRY! WITH THAT SHE-DEVIL LOOSE ON THE ISLAND, DR. BUNSEN HASN'T A CHANCE!

OH, PLEASE HURRY! PLEASE!

Screening their planes to the utmost, the Blackhawk Squadron wings homeward...

KEEP A SHARP EYE OUT WHEN WE APPROACH THE ISLAND, MEN! SHE MAY BE TRYING TO GET AWAY AT THIS VERY MINUTE!



THERE'S NO SIGN OF LIFE! WE CAN ONLY HOPE!

BET WE'LL BE ON OUR HANDS IF SHE HAS SUCCEEDED! WE SHOULD HAVE LEFT SOMEONE HERE TO WATCH!



PLEASE TRY TO SPEAK, DR. BUNSEN! WHERE DID SHE GO? DID SHE FIND OUT THE SECRET?

Y-YES... SHE DID! SHE... TORTURED... ME! GOT X-235... LEFT MINUTE AGO! HURRY... STOP HER! TOOK... BOAT!



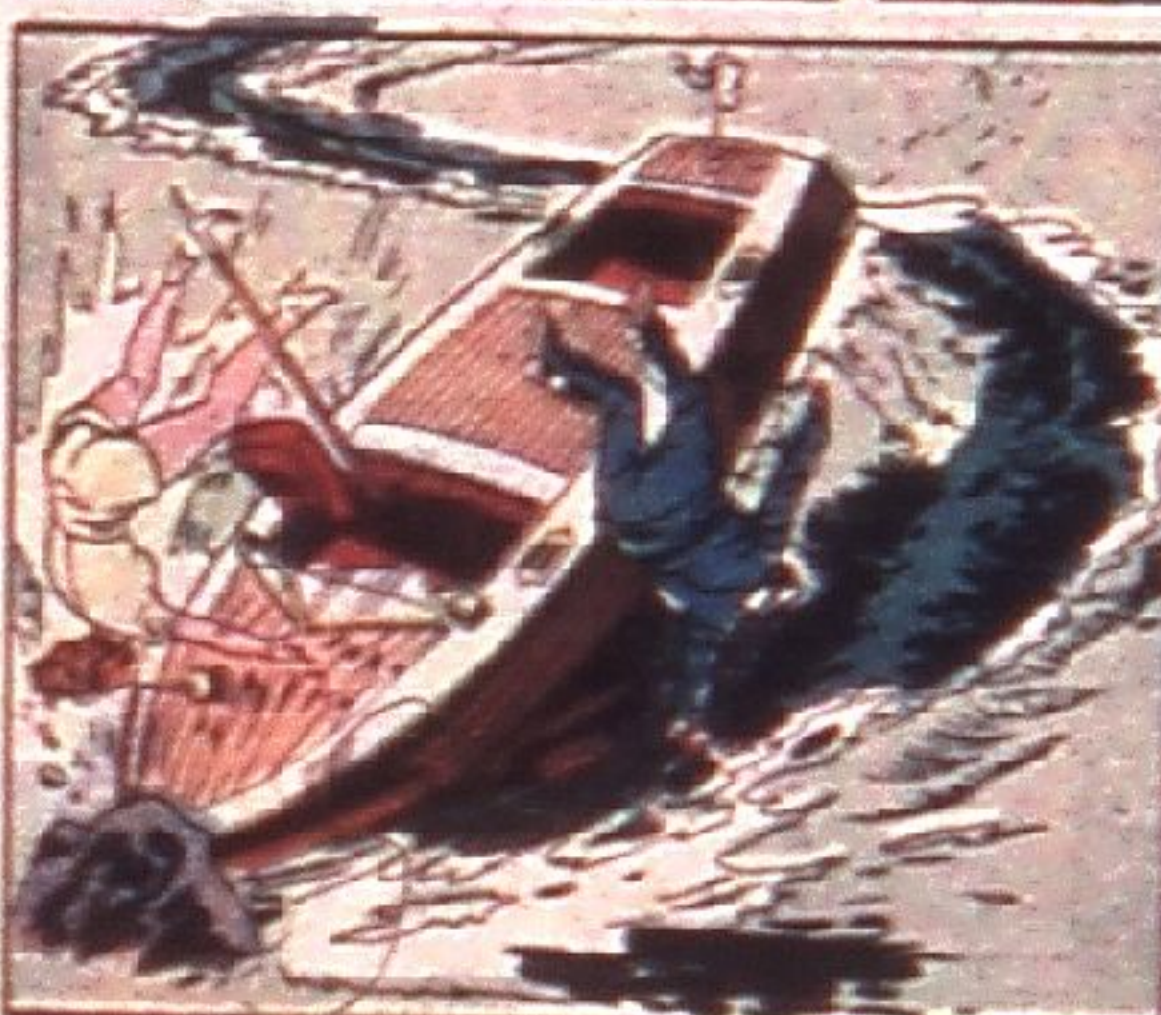
SHE MUST HAVE TAKEN OUR BOAT! QUICK, TO THE REEFS!

ALERT! BET EE'S DEATH FOR ONE WHO EE'S NOT FAMILIAR WITH ZE CHANNEL!



SHE'S HEADED FOR THE HIDDEN REEF!

BY GOLLY! ONLY A MIRACLE CAN SAVE HER! DER SECRET VILL DIE MIT HER!



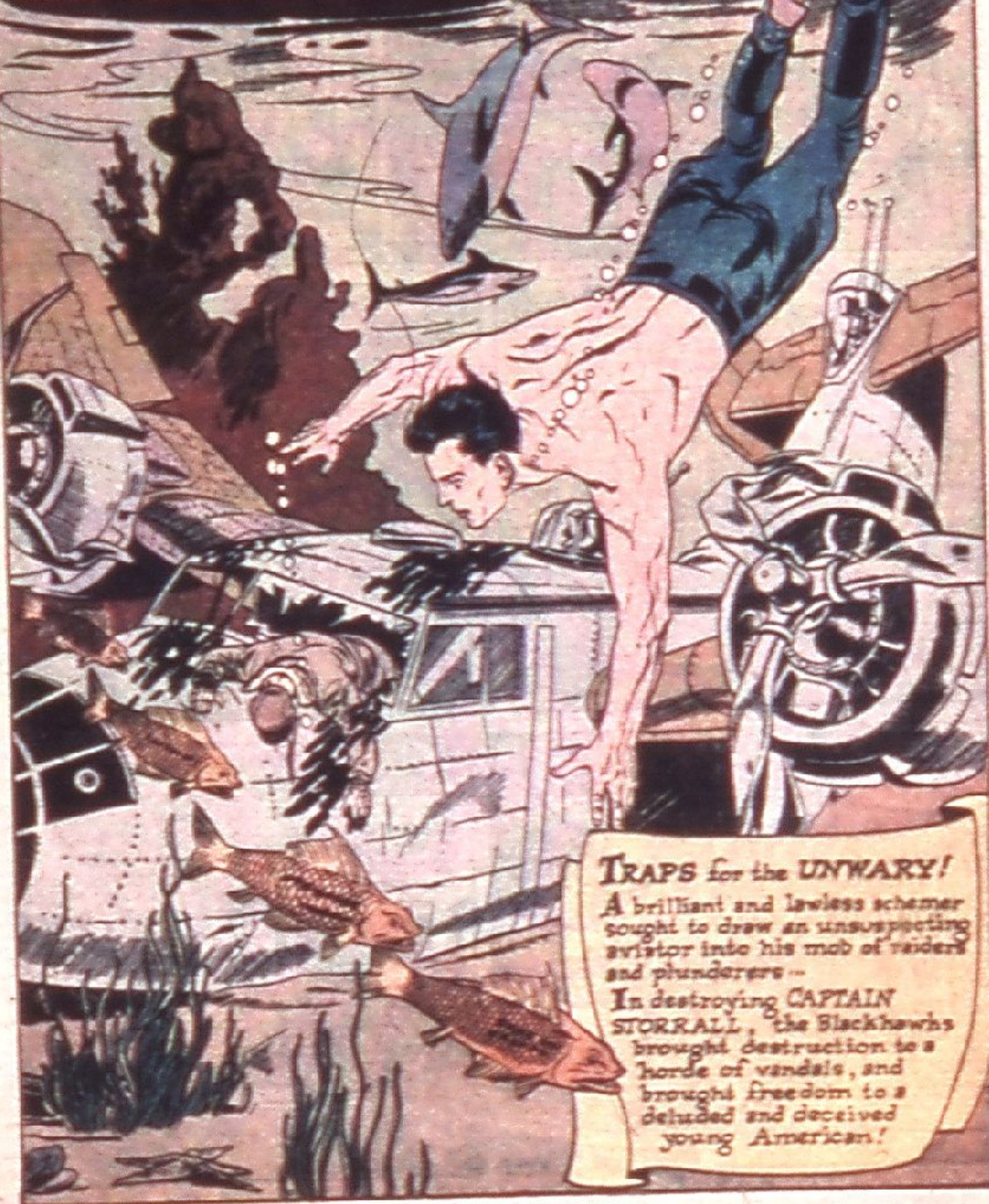
But no man or woman can shun his destiny!

SHE'S DEAD! HER HEAD HIT A ROCK!



BLACKHAWK

# BLACKHAWK



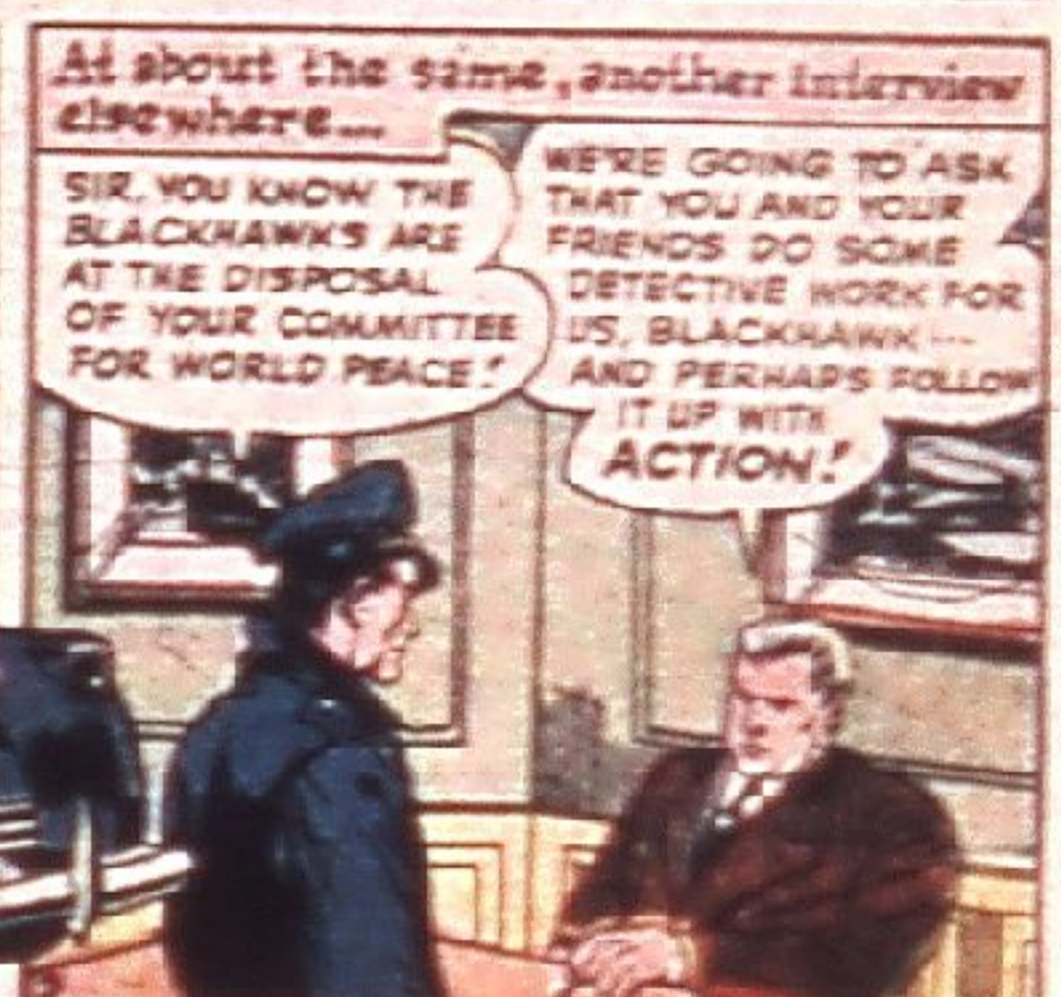
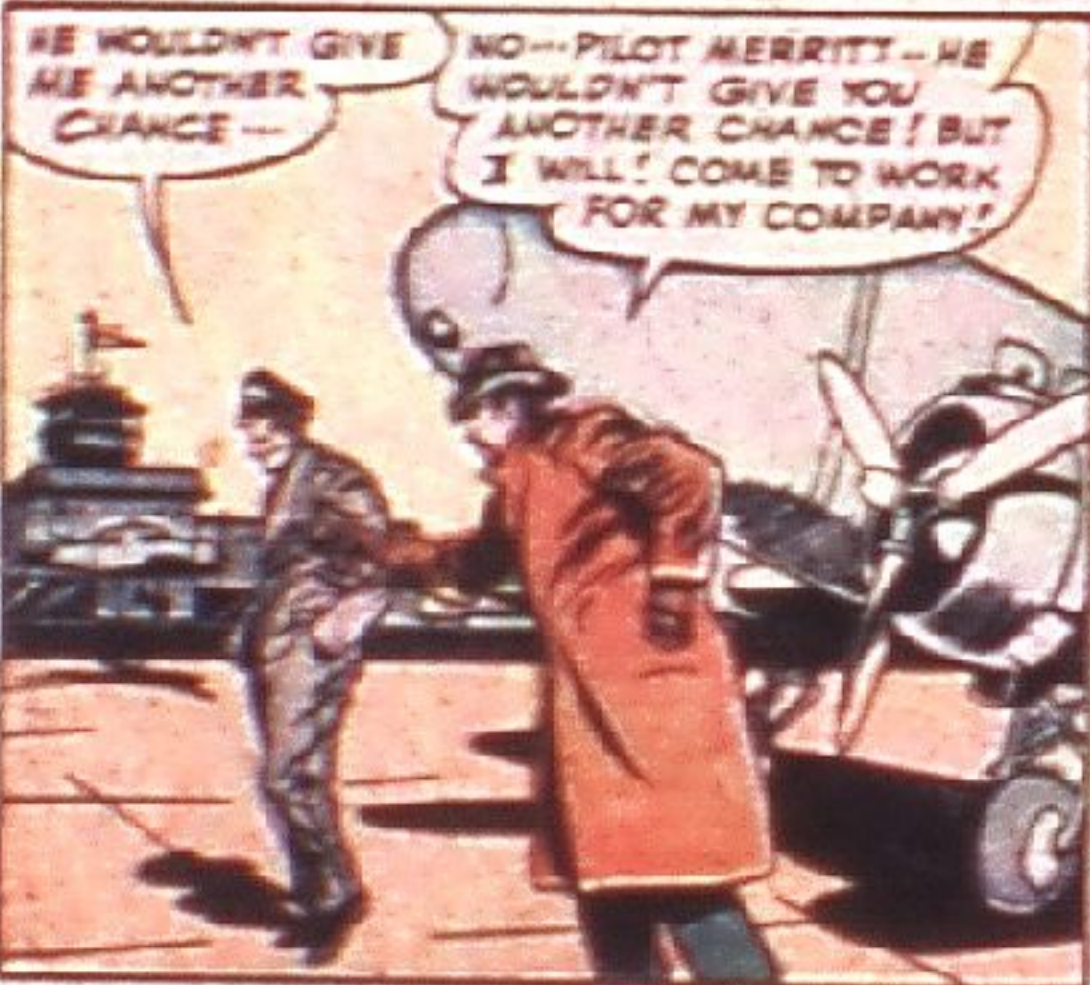
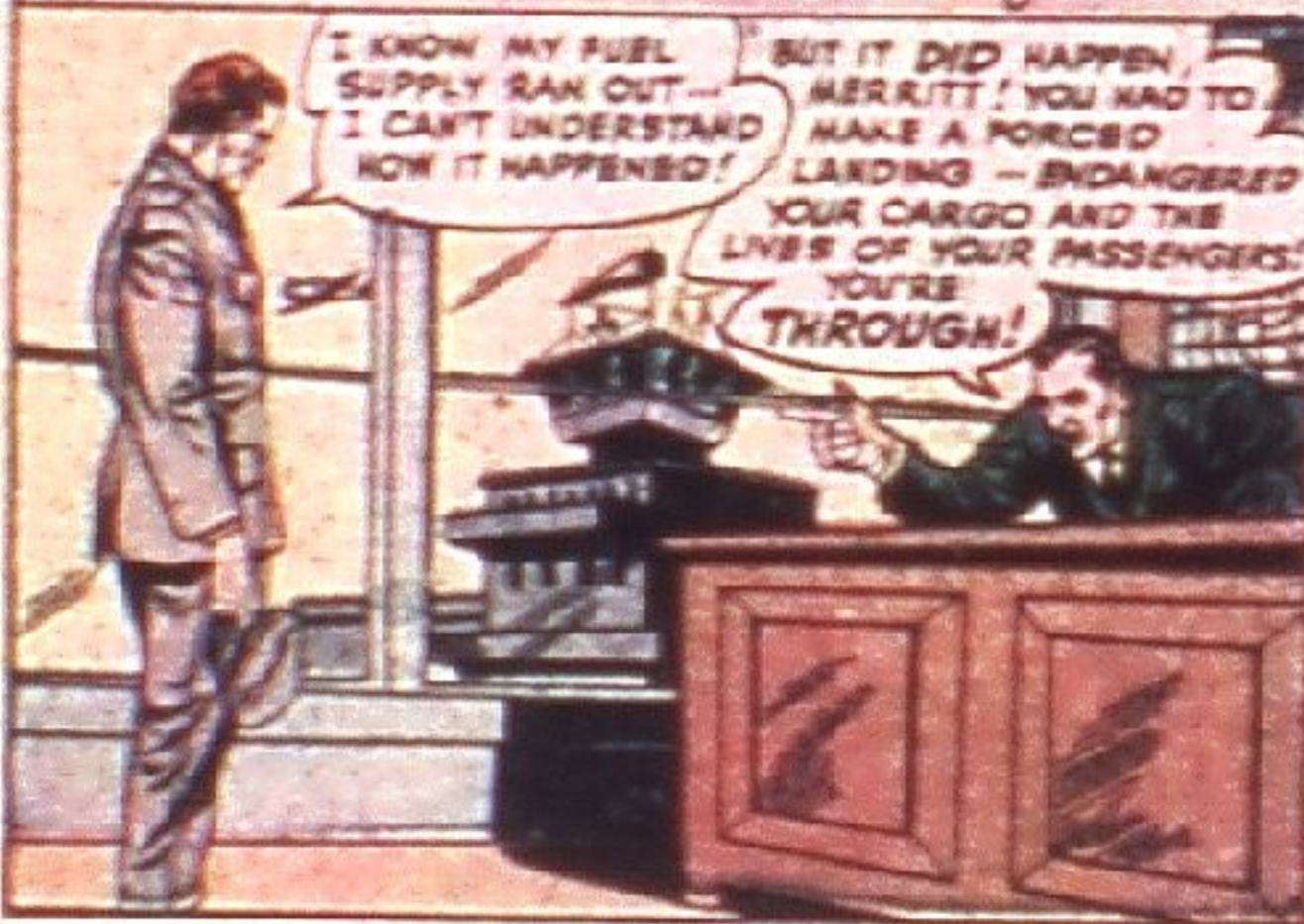
## TRAPS for the UNWARY!

A brilliant and lawless schemer sought to draw an unsuspecting aviator into his mob of raiders and plunderers...

In destroying CAPTAIN STORRALL, the Blackhawk's brought destruction to a horde of vandals, and brought freedom to a deluded and deceived young American!



In the administration offices of a big airline—





# BLACKHAWK

YOU KNOW THAT THE ISLAND OF BONPIRON IS NOW A FREE, INDEPENDENT NATION — ITS PEARL FISHERIES MAKE IT POTENTIALLY A RICH, HAPPY LAND —

THEY ALSO MAKE IT POTENTIALLY A TARGET FOR PLUNDERERS AND OUTLAWS!

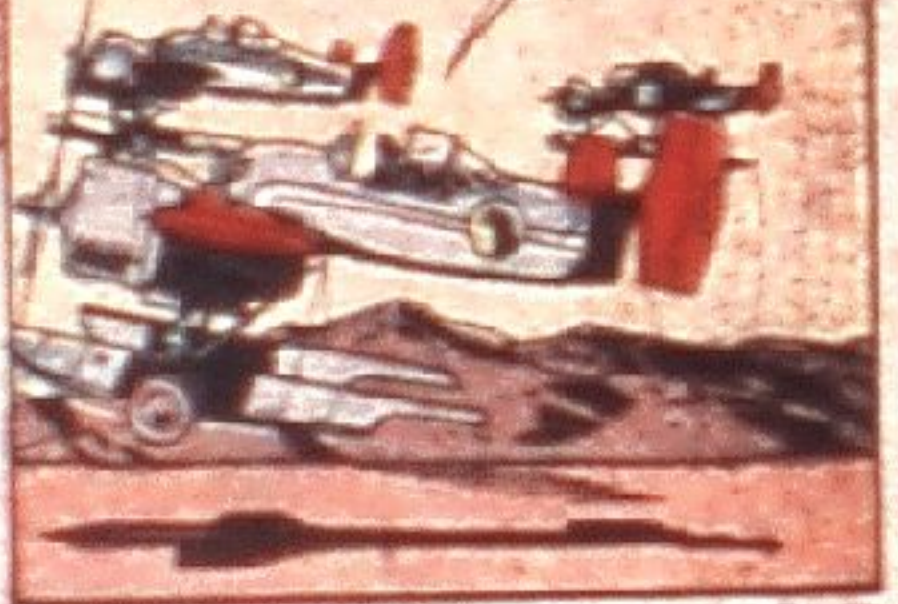
EXACTLY! AND TO OUR COMMITTEE COME RUMORS THAT JUST SUCH A RAID IS BEING PLANNED AGAINST BONPIRON!

WE BLACKHAWKS HAVE HEARD SIMILAR REPORTS! WE'LL TRY TO SET THOSE OUTLAWS BACK ON THEIR HEELS — AT ONCE!

Blackhawk hurries to meet his followers at their rendezvous —

WE'RE WITH YOU, BLACKHAWK — BUT WHERE TO?

BONPIRON ISLAND! WATCH FOR TROUBLE — AND DISH OUT YOUR SHARE!



But another flight of planes also heads for Bonpiron!

TARGET IN SIGHT! SOFTEN UP WITH BOMBS — THEN, PARATROOPERS AWAY!

ROGER!

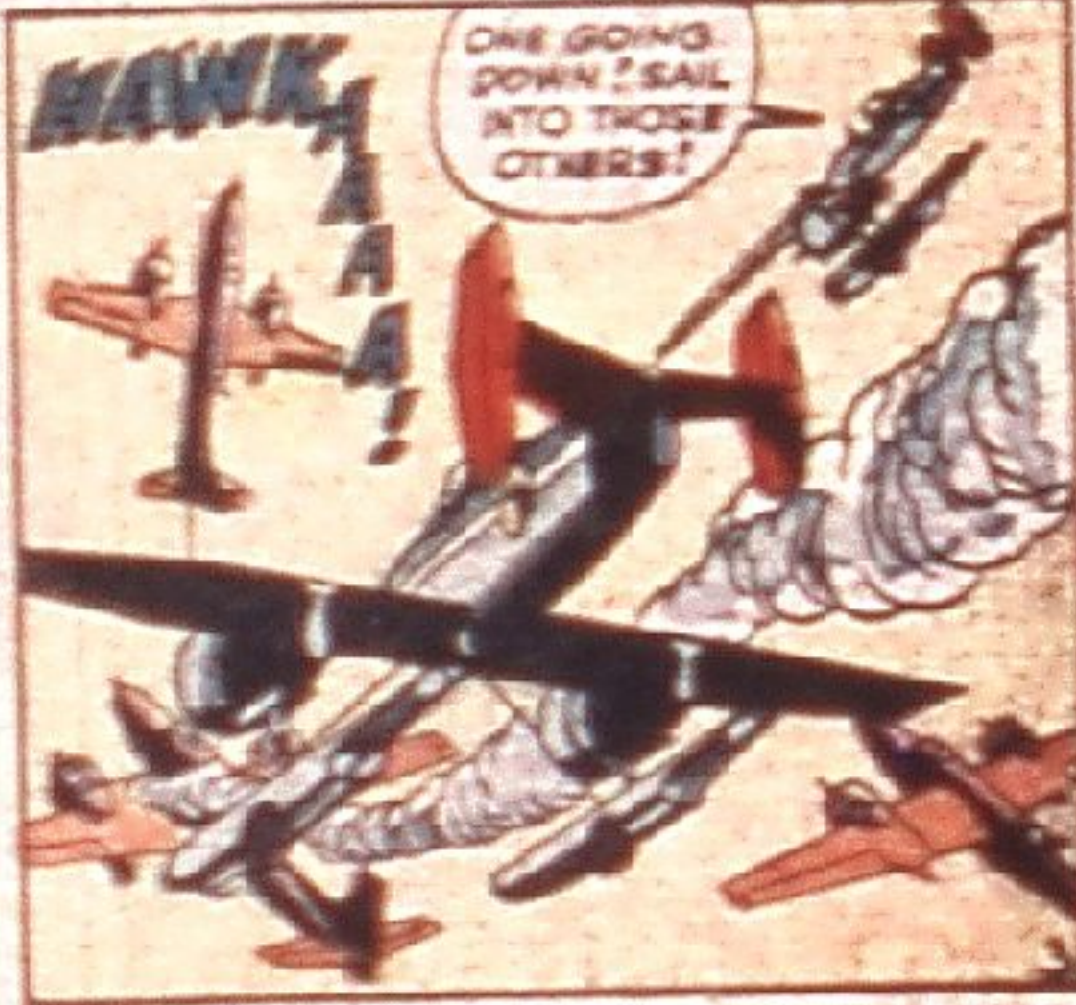
ROGER!

ROGER!



OVER — NOW BACK FOR ANOTHER RUN — THEN —

ATTENTION! COMING IN FROM THREE O'CLOCK — STRANGE PLANES!



ONE GOING DOWN? SAIL INTO THOSE OTHERS!

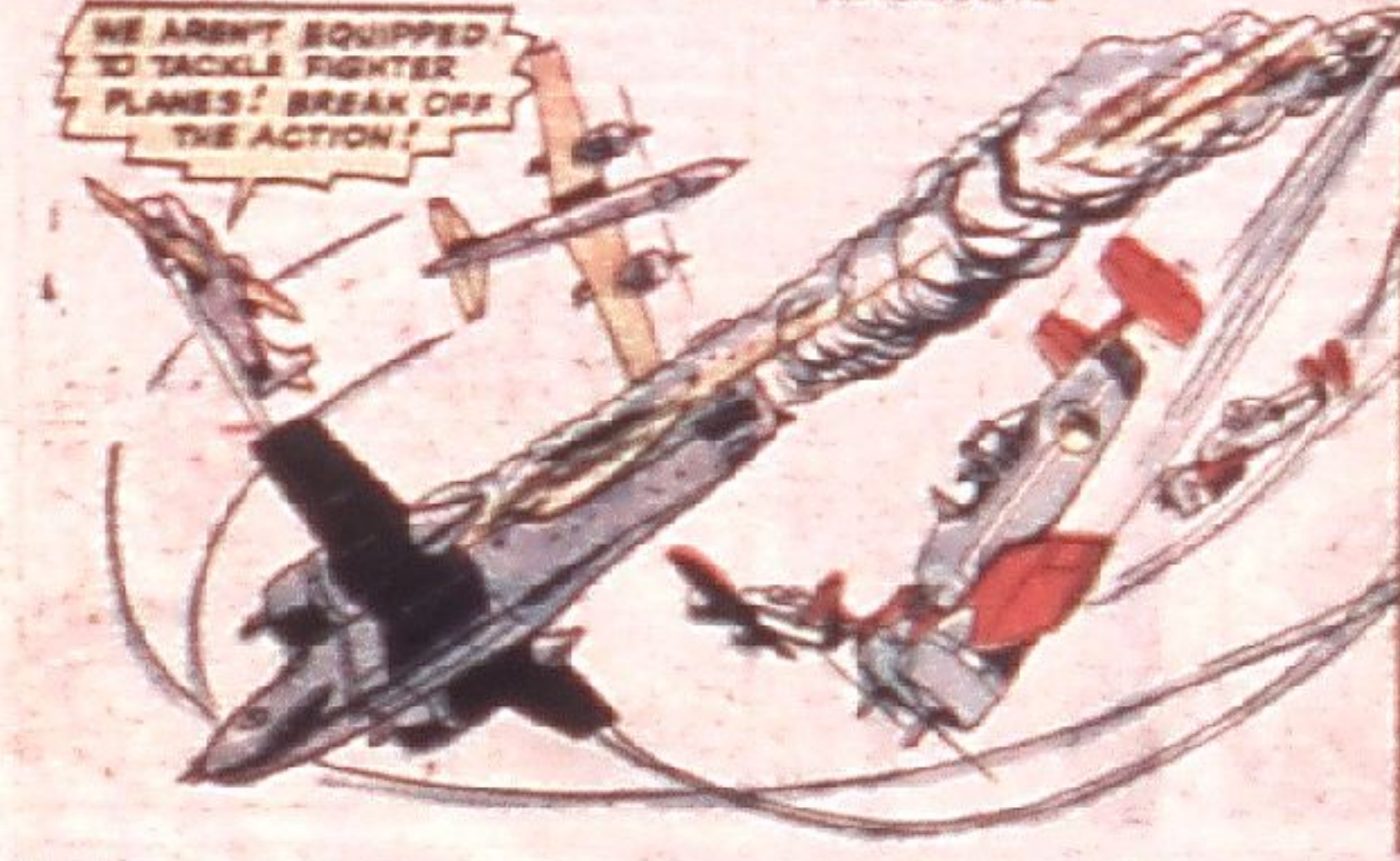




WE AREN'T EQUIPPED TO TACKLE FIGHTER PLANES! BREAK OFF THE ACTION!

THOSE BOMBERS ARE SUPER-SPEED JOBS! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY FROM US!

DON'T CHASE THEM! FOLLOW THE DOWNWARD DIVE OF THE ONE WE HIT!



THE WATER WILL PUT OUT THE FIRE — AND DROWN THE CREW!

STAND BY! I'M GOING TO TRY TO SAVE SOMEONE WHO CAN EXPLAIN ALL THIS!



PROBABLY A LONG SWIM DOWN — I HOPE I CAN BRING SOMETHING BACK WITH ME!

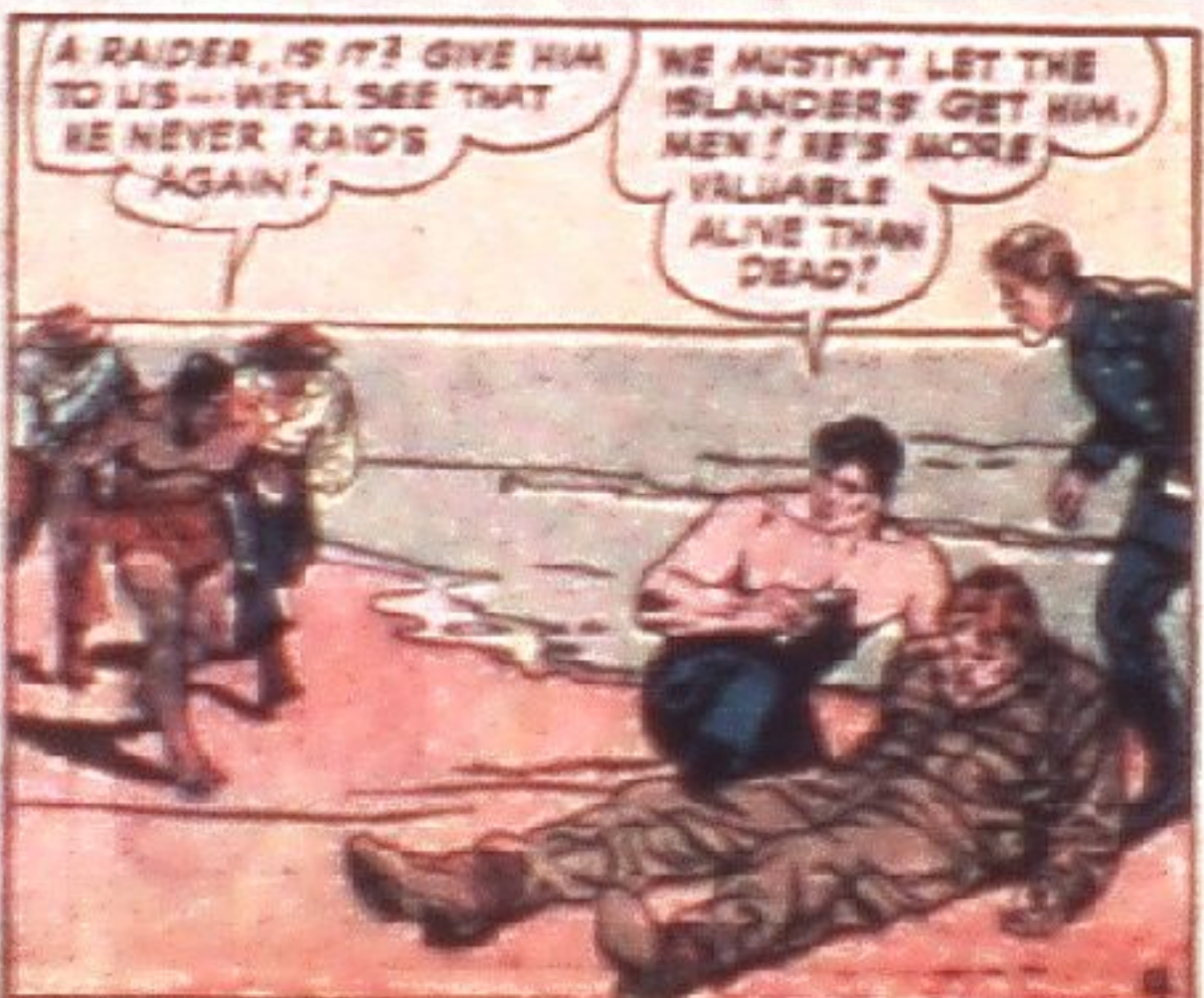


ONE SURVIVOR, BUT HE'S UNCONSCIOUS — THE PILOT!



ALORS, BLACKHAWK! YOU HAVE CAPTURED ONE OF ZE RAIDERS, YES?

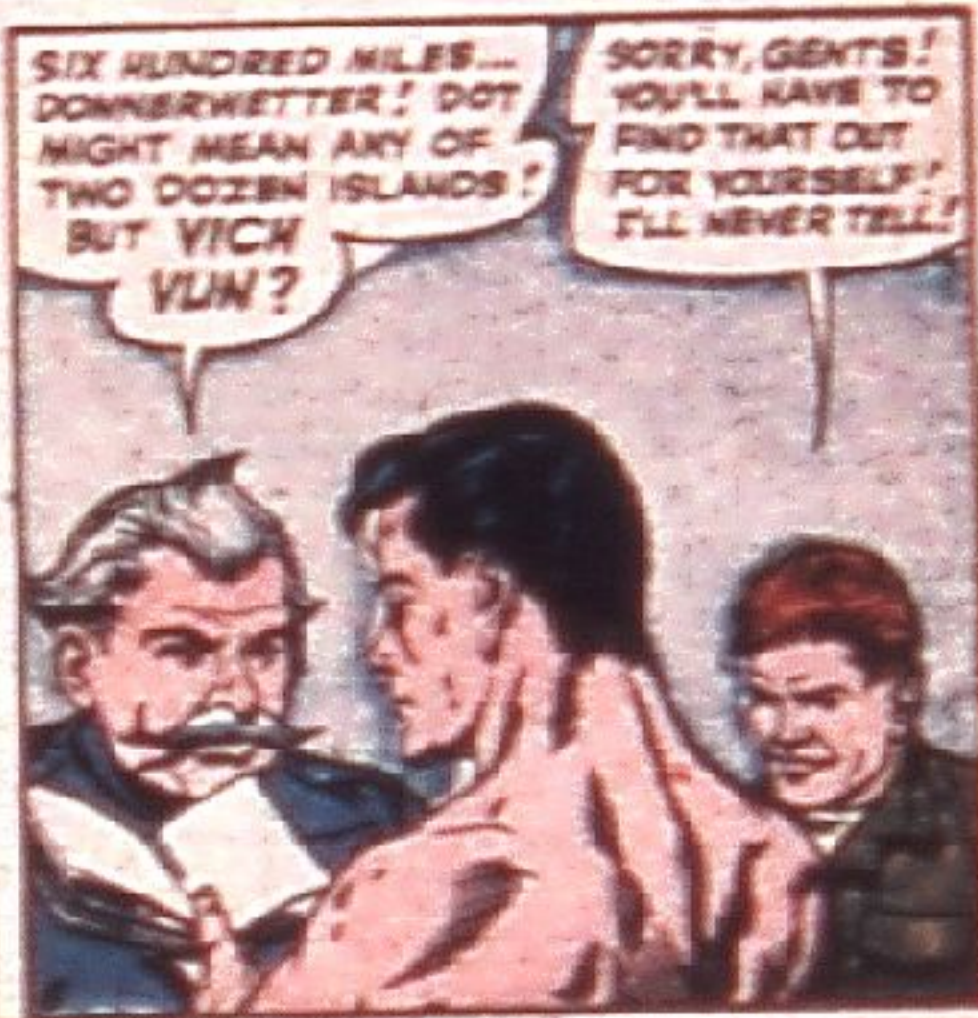
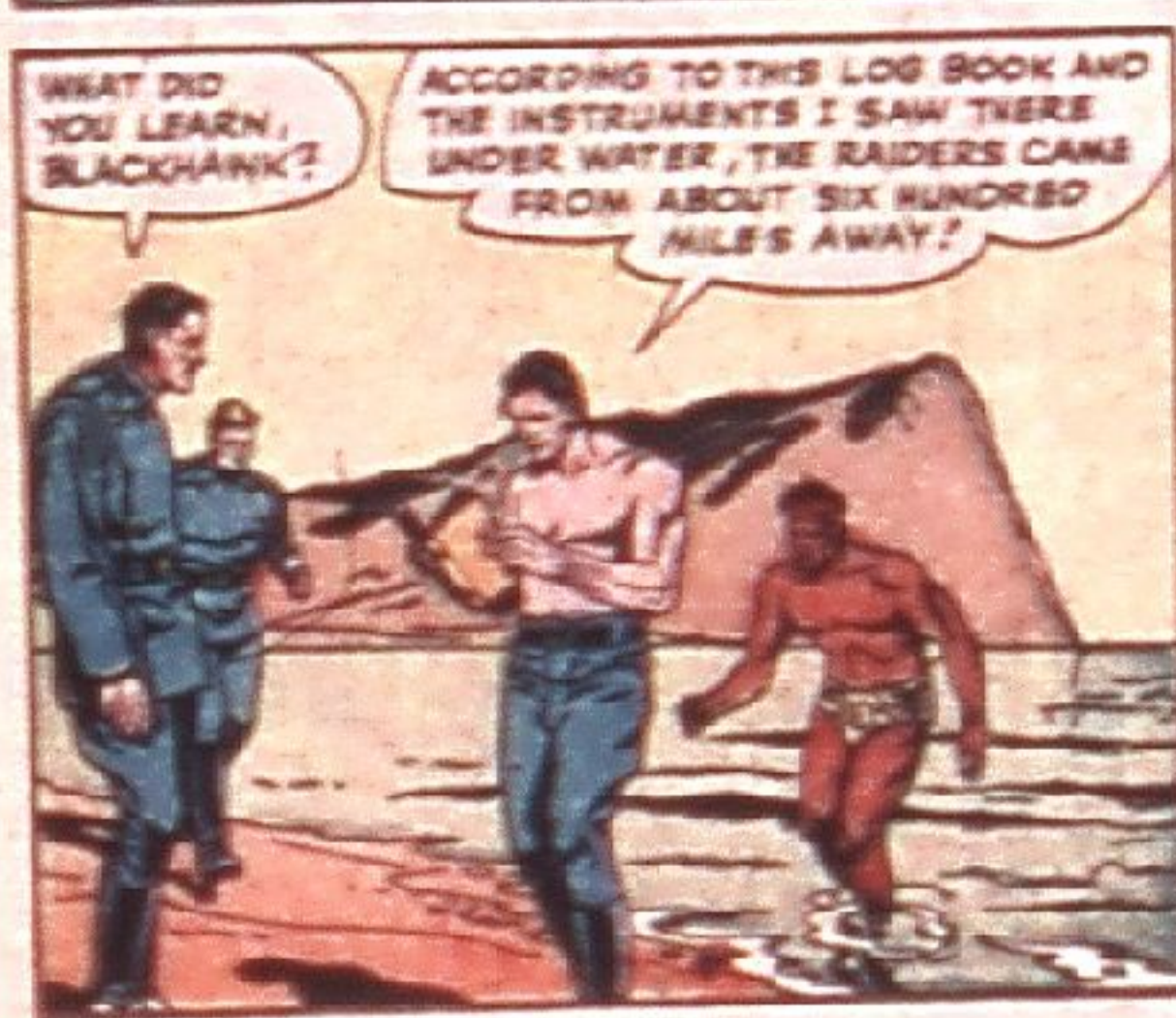
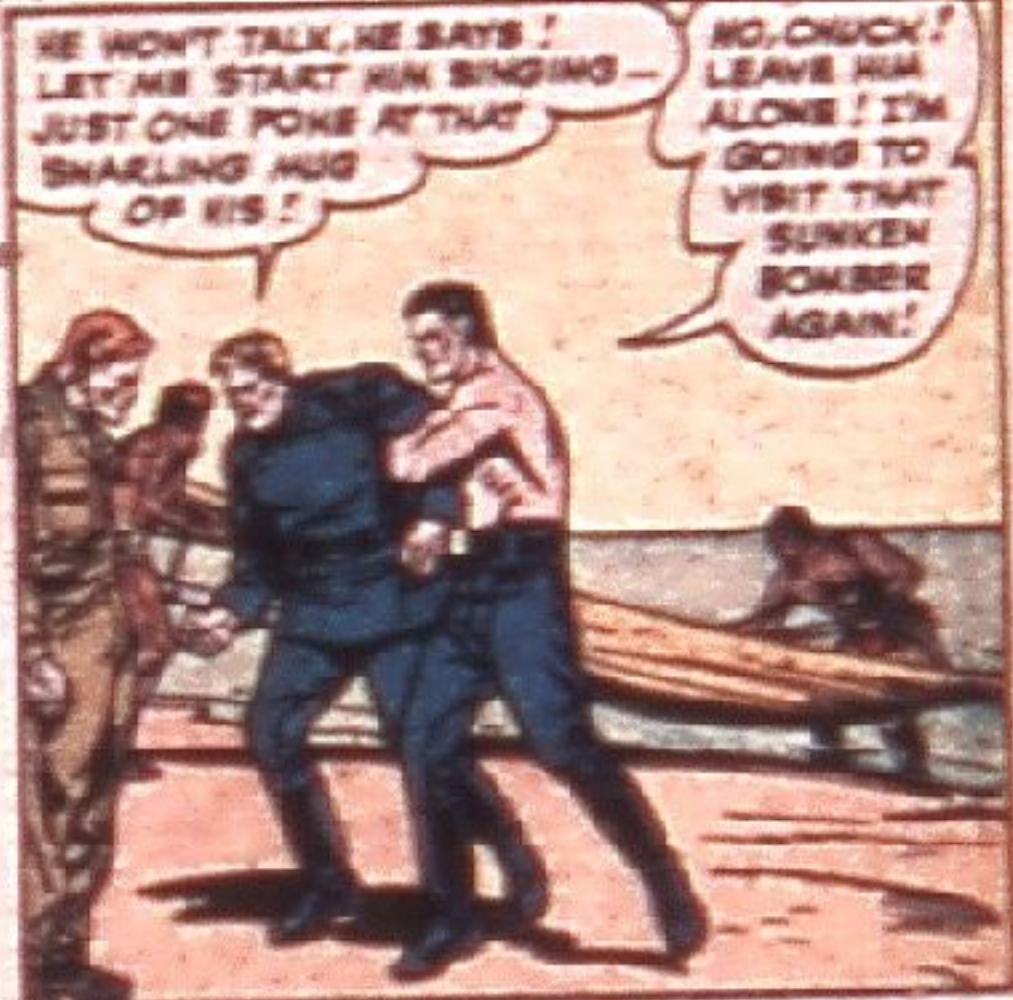
HE'S IN BAD SHAPE! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN BRING HIM TO!



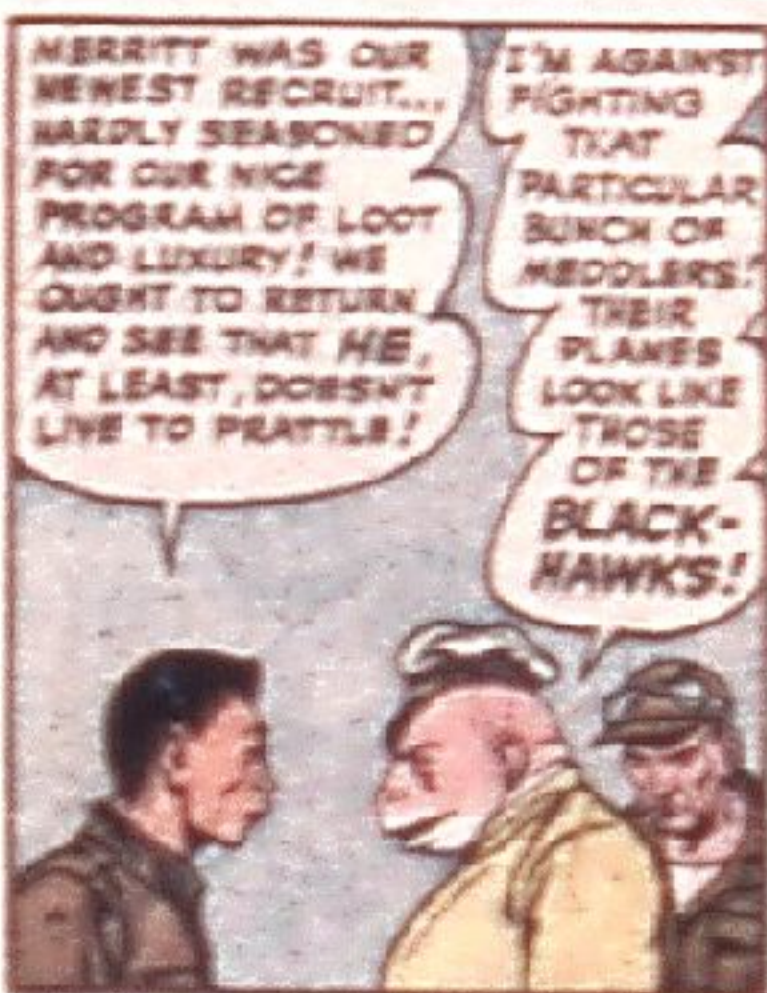
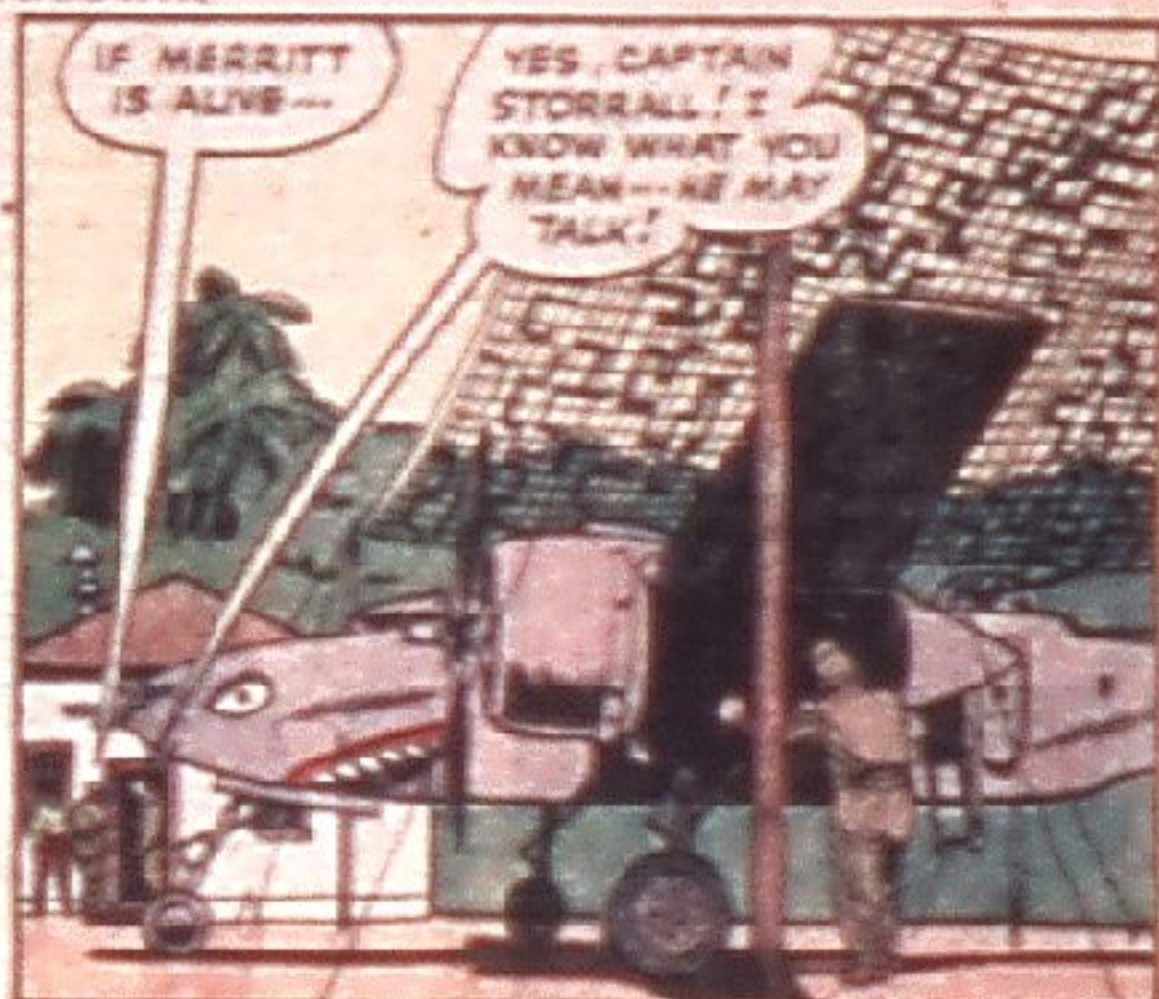
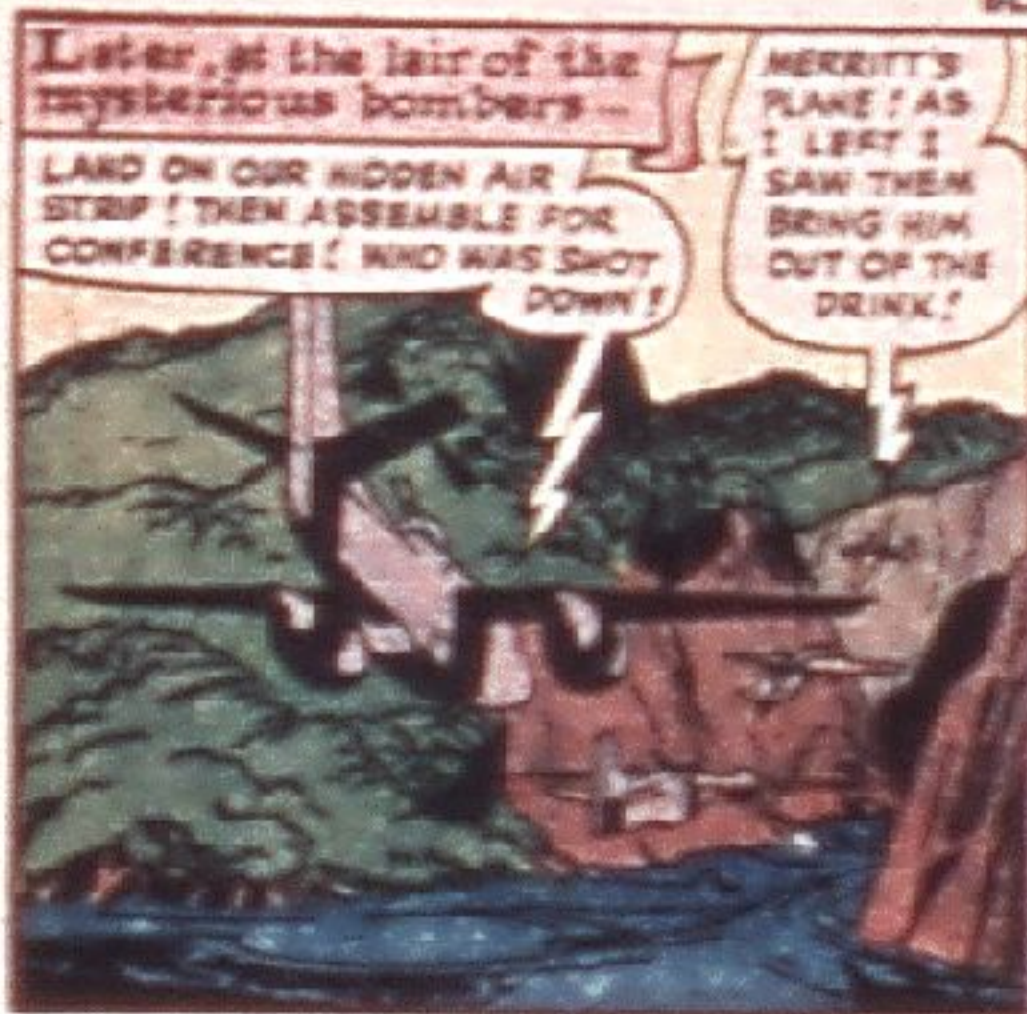
A RAIDER, IS IT? GIVE HIM TO US — WE'LL SEE THAT HE NEVER RAIDS AGAIN!

WE MUSTN'T LET THE ISLANDERS GET HIM, MEN! HE'S MORE VALUABLE ALIVE THAN DEAD!

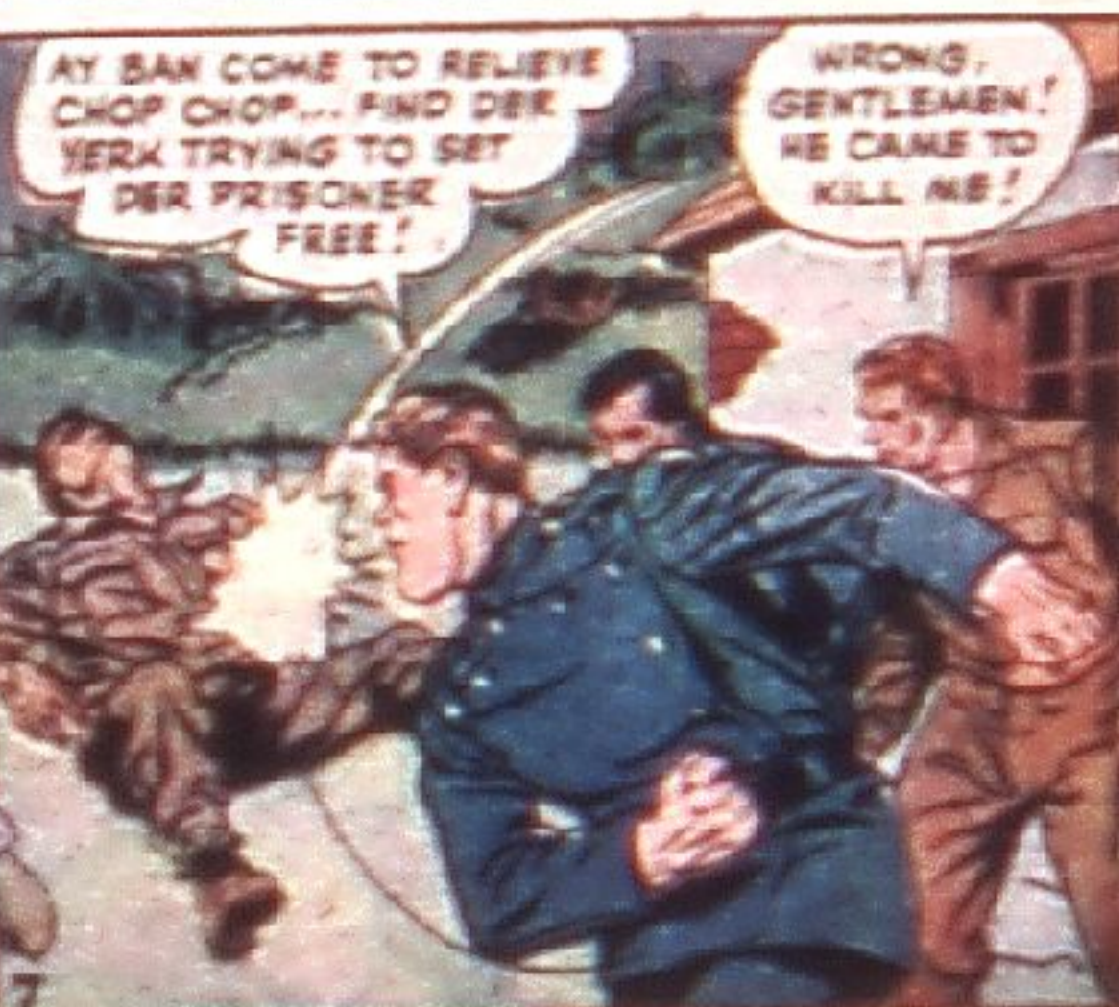














WONDER WHY HE  
THOUGHT I'D BLAB TO  
YOU ABOUT MY  
FRIENDS?

BECAUSE THEY AREN'T  
YOUR FRIENDS, MERRITT!  
THEY'RE AIRBORNE  
BUMS -- FLYING  
FELONS! YOU TRIED  
TO PLAY SQUARE WITH  
THEM AND LOOK WHAT  
**ALMOST**  
HAPPENED!

IT WAS THE DAY WE  
SABOTAGED YOUR FUEL  
TANKS TO GET YOU  
GROUNDED -- WE THOUGHT  
YOU'D BE A WORTHY  
MEMBER OF OUR  
RAIDERS! NOW --

TAKE THAT SNEAKY  
STABBER AWAY,  
OLAF! HE'S SAID  
ENOUGH TO  
CONVINCE  
MERRITT --  
I HOPE!

SO IT WAS LIKE THAT!  
THEY FRAMED ME INTO  
THEIR ROTTEN RACKET!  
I SWALLOWED THEIR  
STUFF ABOUT GETTING  
EVEN WITH  
CIVILIZATION!

YOU SOUND AS  
IF YOU'VE CHANGED  
SIDES AGAIN,  
MERRITT! COME  
HERE TO HEAD-  
QUARTERS!

THE RAIDERS ARE  
COMMANDED BY A  
MAN NAMED CAPTAIN  
STORRALL! THEY  
INCLUDE FLIERS FROM  
ALL NATIONS -- ALL  
NERVY, ALL SKILLED,  
AND ALL  
**CRIMINAL!**

HAVE ZE CIGARETTE,  
M'SIEU! AND ZEY  
ORGANIZE TO RAID  
ZE HELPLESS  
SETTLEMENTS,  
NO?

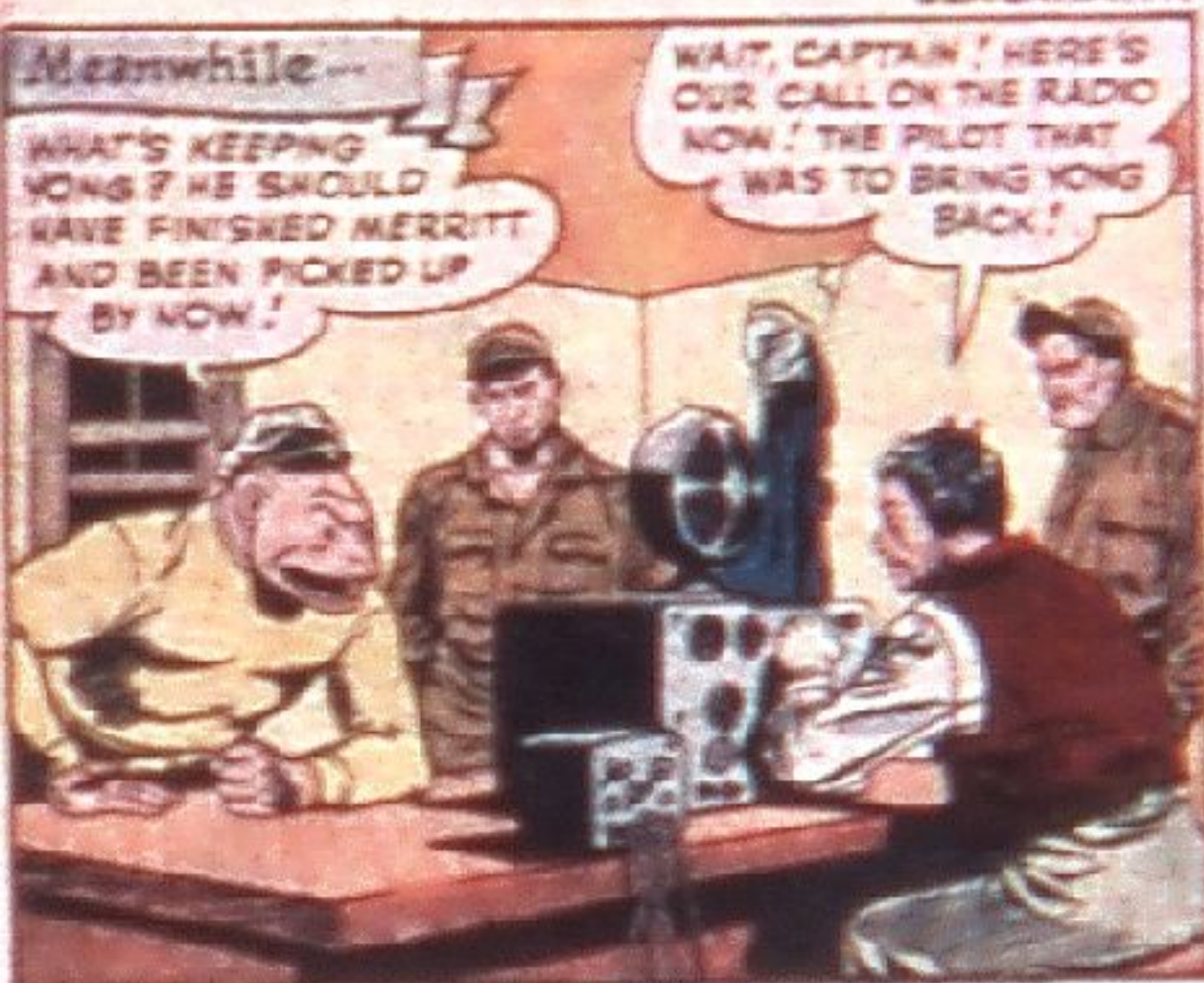
EXACTLY! THEY WERE  
GOING TO BLOW UP  
THIS TOWN AND GRAB  
THE PEARLS READY FOR  
SHIPMENT! WITH THAT  
MONEY, CAPTAIN  
STORRALL WOULD  
BUILD A GREATER  
ORGANIZATION!

FOR **GREATER  
EVIL!** YOU GOT  
OUT JUST IN TIME,  
MERRITT!

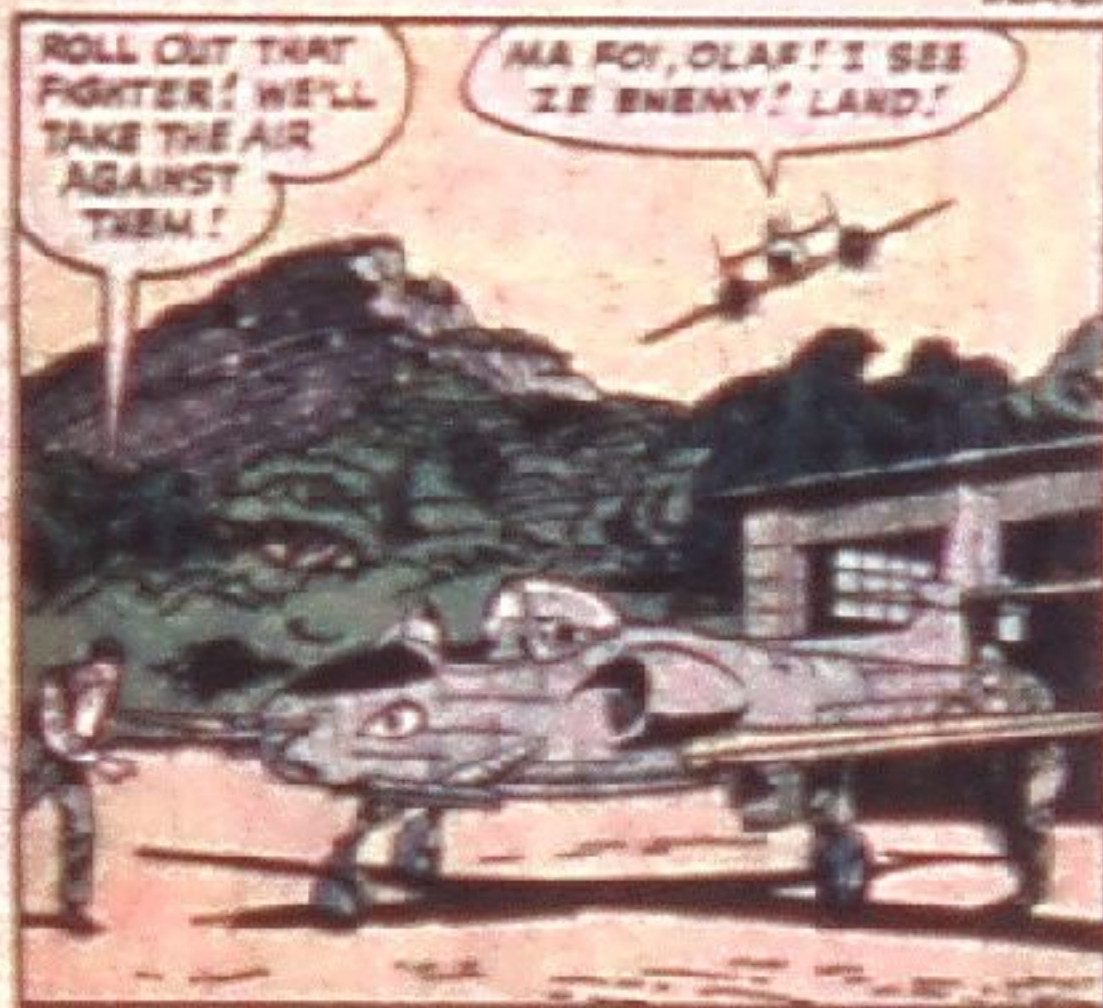
YONG CAN BE MADE  
TO TELL THAT I WAS  
FRAMED OUT OF MY  
JOB! BUT FIRST,  
SUPPOSE --

FIRST, SUPPOSE YOU  
HOP INTO MY PLANE  
WITH ME AND GUIDE  
US TO CAPTAIN  
STORRALL'S  
HEADQUARTERS!













We swoop from out the skies  
To punish crimes and lies—  
WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!





# Chop Chop

AS EXPERT,  
MY CRITICISM  
OF SOUP IS THAT  
OBVIOUSLY IT  
NEED MORE  
MEAT!

I'LL GIVE YOU  
BOYS SOMETHIN'  
TA STEW ABOUT!



WILL EAT GOOD DINNER  
BEFORE FLY BACK TO  
BLACKHAWK ISLAND!  
MY FRIEND WON TON  
RUN BEST RESTAURANT  
IN TOWN!

CHOP CHOP, MY VELLY  
DEAR FRIEND! I GIVE  
YOU CHOICE TABLE  
IN RESTAURANT!

HOSPITALITY  
EXCELLENT,  
WON TON!







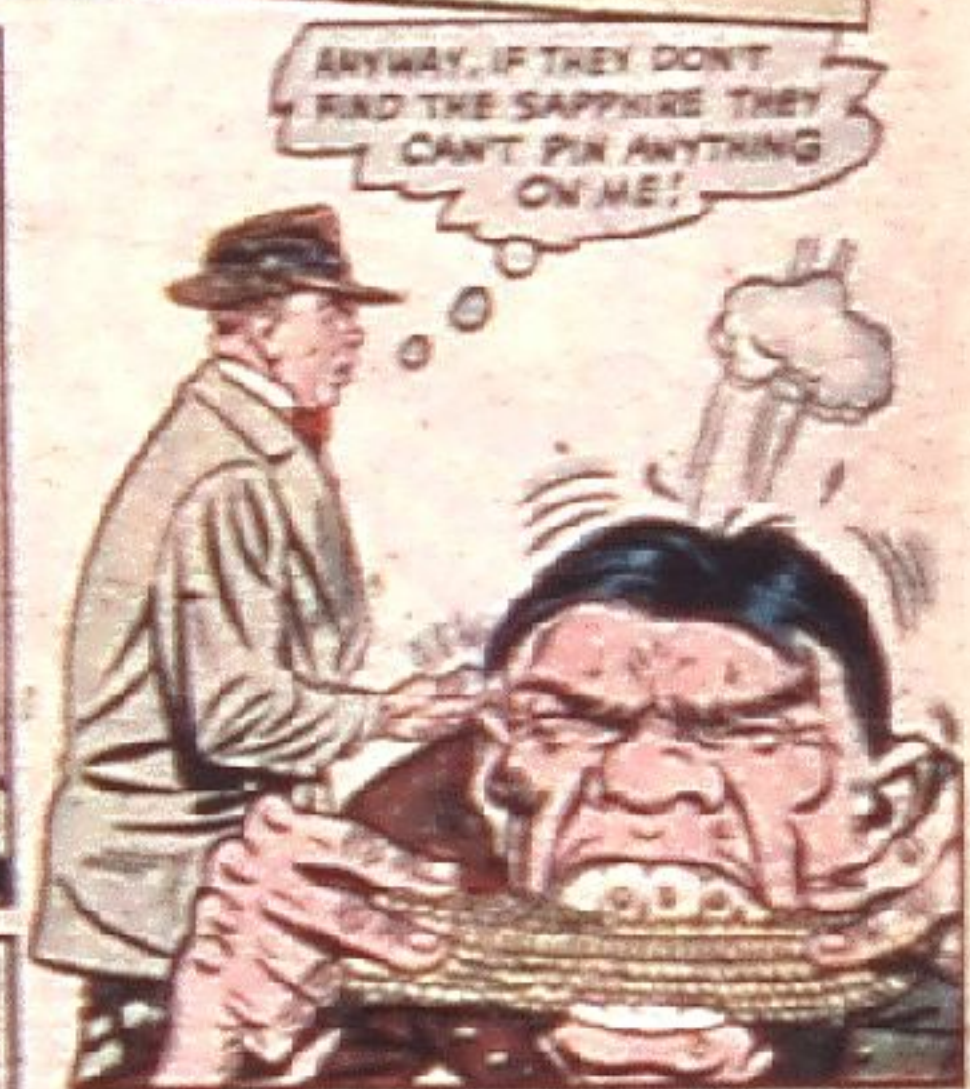
Meanwhile, in a near-by hideaway--













PLEASURE? I BREAK  
TOOTH ON STONE IN  
SOUP AND YOU  
EXPECT ME TO  
ENJOY EXPERIENCE?

BUT...

NO 'BUTS.' STONE VELL  
BAD INGREDIENT FOR  
SOUP!

BUT...

IF YOU NOT MY FRIEND, I  
SUE YOU, BUT SINCE YOU  
ARE MY FRIEND I SHOW  
YOU PROPER WAY TO  
MAKE SOUP!



DO NOT ARGUE,  
WON TON! YOU  
HAVE MORE  
CUSTOMERS  
AFTER TASTE  
OF MY SOUP!

SOMEBODY'S COMING IN!  
AND I THOUGHT I WAS  
LUCKY BECAUSE I  
FOUND THE CHEF  
ASLEEP!

THEY WON'T  
SEE ME IN  
HERE!

FIRST I  
NEED BIG  
KETTLE!



THIS WILL DO!  
BUT CERTAINLY  
IS HEAVY!

USE HEAVY KETTLE TO  
SETTLE ARGUMENT! USE  
SODIUM BICARB TO  
SETTLE STOMACH  
AFTER TRY YOUR  
SOUP!

AH, THEY'RE PUTTING THIS  
KETTLE ON THE SHELF! NOW  
THAT THEY'RE NOT GONNA USE  
IT, I CAN TAKE A  
NAP UNTIL THE  
HEAT'S OFF!

















# South Pole

BLACKHAWK

# MISSION

THE wind that whipped across the frozen steppes of Byrd's Land was no wind of this earth. It was something out of a nightmare. It carried the sting of a million particles of ice, and its shriek was a dirge of torture in solid cold.

This gigantic wind, that never ceased, shook and wailed around the big airplane of Blackhawk and his famous crew. Although inside it was warm, the entire fuselage outside was a sheath of heavy ice. The windows were like glass bricks.

Blackhawk and his men could not see what lay around them in this icy world of the South Pole. It was the first time they had ever visited the pole to the south—one of the few places they had not seen.

And it was a strange mission they were on this time: an attempt to discover a tropical land of prehistoric people under the ice of the polar cap!

Chuck, the only American of the party except Blackhawk, said with a laugh. "Well, if there's a tropical paradise down here, I'll eat it! The temperature must be a hundred below right now!"

"It is 64," grunted the big Dutchman, Hendrickson. "Cold, ja."

"Olaf," said Blackhawk to the Scandinavian member of the famed group, "where do you think we should start looking?"

"Hah!" snorted Olaf, whose great yellow beard made him look like a Viking. "you ask me that. Vere should we start looking for a needle in a haystack, no!"

Blackhawk chuckled. "This tropical land seems impossible to find, eh, boys? Yet we have Professor van Gluck's sworn statement that it is here, somewhere. We must find it."

"Eef eet ves here, we weel find eet," said Andre, the Frenchman. "Personally, I'd like to see some tropical scenery, yes!"

"How do you feel about it?" Blackhawk asked Stanislaus, the Balkan adventurer. "You think there is a tropical country down here anywhere?"

Stanislaus grinned infectiously. He was a fine anthropologist and general scientist. "Anything is possible," he said, "until proved scientifically impossible."

"Said like a true man of science!" exclaimed

Blackhawk. "Then, gentlemen, what say we start the search for our paradise tomorrow? We'll spend today, what there is left of it, in checking our gear."

Every member of the crew cheered this suggestion. Even Chop Chop, the little Chinese, split his face in a toothy grin and hurried to the galley to start up some chow.

The long winter night had not set in as yet in this polar region, but the days were now only a few hours long. Evening came and went almost instantly, and then it was dark. The stars burned in the black skies like icicle points lit by inner fire. The wind raged ceaselessly and out of the blackness came strange moanings.

"I've heard the same sort of night sounds at the North Pole," said Blackhawk. "They always make me feel like replying, but I can never think of anything to say!"

When morning came, and a few of the group ventured into the awful cold outside, they found their ship covered with several feet of solid ice.

"It'll take some ax work to hack that ice loose," observed Blackhawk, while his breath froze in a mantle over his lower face. "It's much colder this morning."

"Darn near 80," said Chuck, brushing drops of ice from the short growth of beard on his chin. "Let's find that hot spot in a hurry!"

They were fortunate. Not three hours later, while they were slogging across the steppe, they found an enormous blowhole in the frozen crust. At first Stanislaus thought it was a volcano, but further examination revealed that it was indeed an entrance into a subterranean area.

"Eureka!" cried Blackhawk. "This looks like it! Who goes first?"

"You!" everyone shouted. So Blackhawk ducked down into the dark hole, with the others close behind him.

The descent was easy and the temperature rapidly grew warmer as they made their way downward. Soon the snow vanished, and they came across bunches of lichen and northern moss—southern in this case. Yet there was no sign of man's having used this path, nor of any animal. The hole, the Blackhawks concluded, was simply a breather for some prehistoric volcano.

The hours passed, and they still went down.



They had food supplies for several days, plus fuel and matches.

It was warm now where they walked. All signs of moisture and cold had disappeared, and a sort of volcanic loam spread out under their feet.

Chuck laughed as he picked up a handful and let it spill through his fingers. "You'd almost think you were coming into a bit of Iowa farmland," he said.

"Listen!" Blackhawk held up a hand, and the group halted. A low rumble began to dis itself into their ears.

"Sounds like water," said Olaf. "Or maybe the volcano is going to erupt!"

"Cripes!" said Chuck. "You would think of that!"

Blackhawk started forward. "It is water," he told them, after a look ahead.

They rounded a bend in the semi-vertical tunnel and came to a vast cavern that seemed to be miles wide. Over them rose a dome-like ceiling of solid rock, so high it was almost out of sight. An eerie, purplish light suffused everything in the place. Trees of a species long extinct grew in clumps, and giant ferns towered above the pink rocks of the cavern walls. A rushing river blocked their advance.

"The tropical paradise!" said Chuck with a reverent tone. "But where are the tropical belles?"

Andre nudged him in the ribs. "They were probably eaten long ago by—one of those, eh?" He pointed to a monster lumbering along on the opposite bank of the stream.

Blackhawk studied the beast. After a moment he turned, his eyes gleaming. "That is a megathere," he said. "Scientists say they became extinct several million years ago. Right, Stan?"

"Right," replied Stan. He was staring wide-eyed at the monster.

Olaf looked at his pocket thermometer. "Well, it is warm down here," he said. "That's because the upper cold was so severe. It is 14 below in this cavern!"

At that point, Olaf's revelation hit the Blackhawk right between the eyes.

"Then the temperature accounts for what I see yonder," Chuck said, pointing to a wall of blue ice a hundred yards distant.

Everybody looked long and hard at it. Then Blackhawk walked forward several feet and stopped.

"Gosh," he said, "people are frozen in the wall!"

"Yeah," Chuck replied. "Including what might have been the belles of the so-called tropics! Look at 'em!"

The whole group hurried toward the ice wall. A few yards from it they halted and stared with incredulity at the spectacle before them.

"Hundreds of people, frozen solid," gasped Blackhawk. "And look at them! Look at their clothing! Skins of animals, coverings worn a hundred thousand years ago."

Now Stanislaus, the scientist, spoke up. "Here we witness the result of a great cataclysm. A sudden frightful cold caught these people a half-million years ago. And this is our tropical land beneath the South Pole!"

"What would happen, Stan," asked Blackhawk, "if we should chop one of those bodies out?"

"It would soon disintegrate from the drastic change in temperature," said Stanislaus. "And yet—"

"Yet what?" asked Chuck quickly. He was staring at a particularly fine looking girl with long black hair and a rather pendulous lower lip.

Andre chuckled. "So my friend Chuck would like to take back a souvenir, eh?"

"Souvenir, you say?" yelled Chuck. "You guys miss the point. Take a look at those diamonds!"

Blackhawk leaned closer to the frozen figure. A thing about the girl's neck held several huge uncut diamonds.

"Diamonds!" gasped Chuck. "Look at 'em!"

"A most unromantic soul," sighed Andre. "Yet I cannot blame you for being cold to beauty, mon ami. That ice, as you Americans say!"

"Ice that won't melt," said Chuck, smiling. "And here's where I start chopping away at a fortune." Picking up an ax, he began to hack at the ice wall.

Olaf had been looking toward the other side of the river with quiet intent. Now he turned and said to Blackhawk, "The megathere we saw, Blackhawk, was just like this ice wall and its people. The animal is also frozen in a wall."

Blackhawk looked for a moment. Then he grinned. "Shimmers," he said drily. "Light, shimmering on that ice wall, has caused the megathere to move—or seem to move, as if in flight. Look again and you'll see that the animal is really stationary."

So it was. And the entire underground world was a frozen place—the animals and human beings frozen solidly into walls of eons-old ice.

The Blackhawk's mission was ended. They had proved that no tropical paradise exists under the vast reaches that surround the South Pole.



BLACKHAWK

# Blackhawk



Far from law and civilization the greedy, cruel SURRETT built his fortress—garrisoned it with loyal servants—and ruled as he wished and willed!

But even in that remote lair his evil deeds brought him a reckoning at the hands of  
**THE BLACKHAWKS!**



A secret conference of airline magnates — or, they THOUGHT it was secret —

GENTLEMEN, WE AGREE THAT WE'RE BAFLED! WE MUST CALL ON SOMEONE ABLE TO HELP US OUT OF OUR SCRAPES — SOMEONE LIKE **BLACKHAWK!**

AM, DID SOMEONE MENTION MY NAME?

BY THUNDER, IT IS **BLACKHAWK!** HOW DID YOU KNOW WE WERE MEETING? WE'VE OBSERVED THE UTMOST SECRECY!

THE WORLD IS FULL OF MY FRIENDS AND HELPERS — A HINT OF YOUR MEETING CAME TO ME AT **BLACK-HAWK ISLAND!** AND I CAN GUESS WHY YOU MEET!



HEADS OF THE THREE LEADING AIRLINES OF THE WORLD — ORDINARILY DEADLY RIVALS! YOU'VE PUT YOUR HEADS TOGETHER TO ARRIVE AT A PLAN FOR MUTUAL BENEFIT!

THAT'S NO GREAT DEDUCTION! ANY FOOL COULD GUESS THAT!

RIGHT NOW, WHAT BOTHERS AIR-MINDED CITIZENS OF THE WORLD IS THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF **CAPTAIN ARCHLEAR** AND HIS EXPERIMENTAL PLANE!

ANOTHER BRILLIANT GUESS, **BLACKHAWK!** THE ARCHLEAR ENGINE TO MAKE SMALL CRAFT ULTRA-SPEEDY AND INCREASE THEIR RANGE WAS RELEASED TO ALL THREE OF OUR COMPANIES BY MUTUAL AGREEMENT.

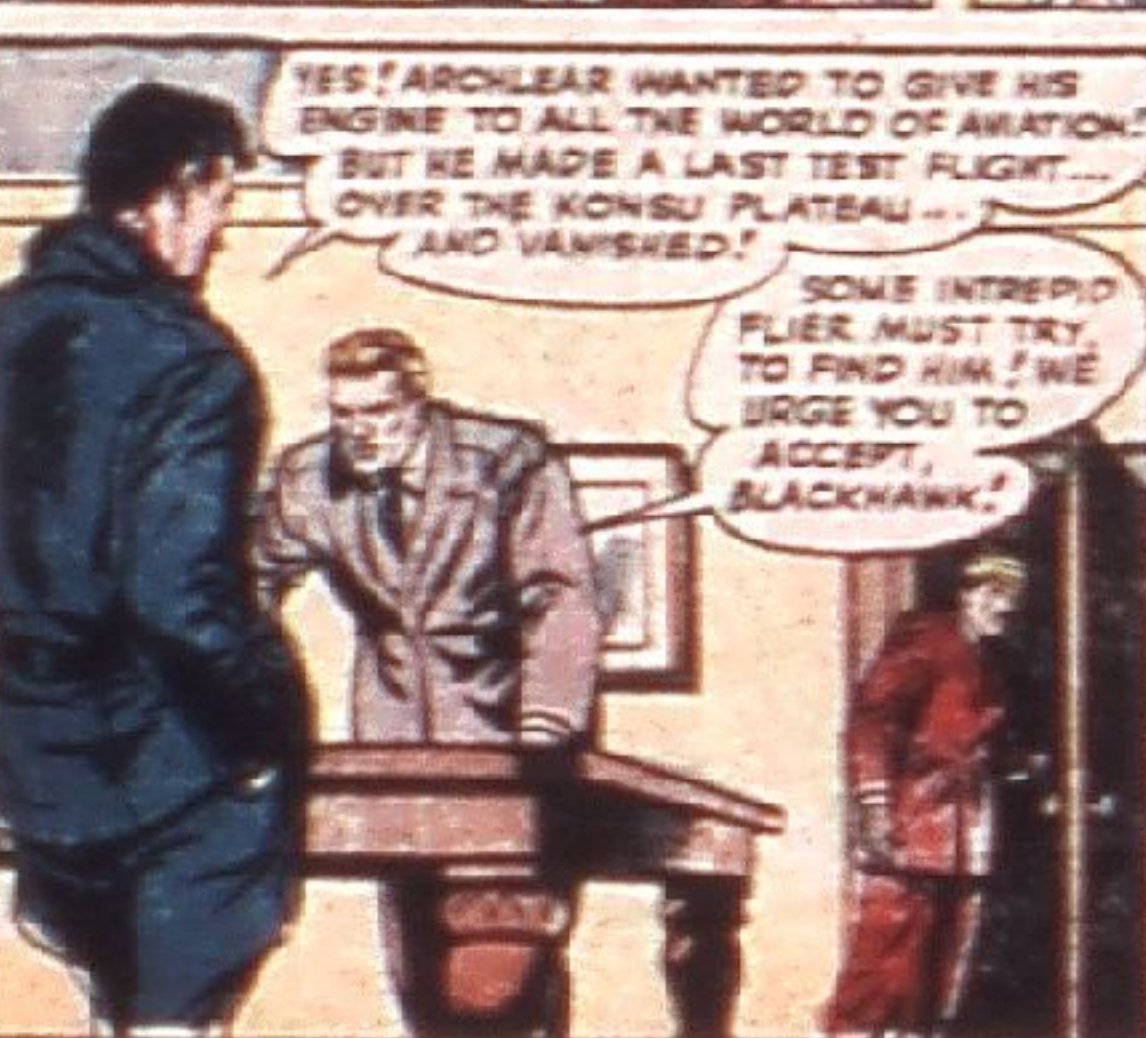


YES! ARCHLEAR WANTED TO GIVE HIS ENGINE TO ALL THE WORLD OF AVIATION! BUT HE MADE A LAST TEST FLIGHT — OVER THE KONSU PLATEAU — AND VANISHED!

SOME INTREPID FLIER MUST TRY TO FIND HIM! WE URGE YOU TO ACCEPT, **BLACKHAWK!**

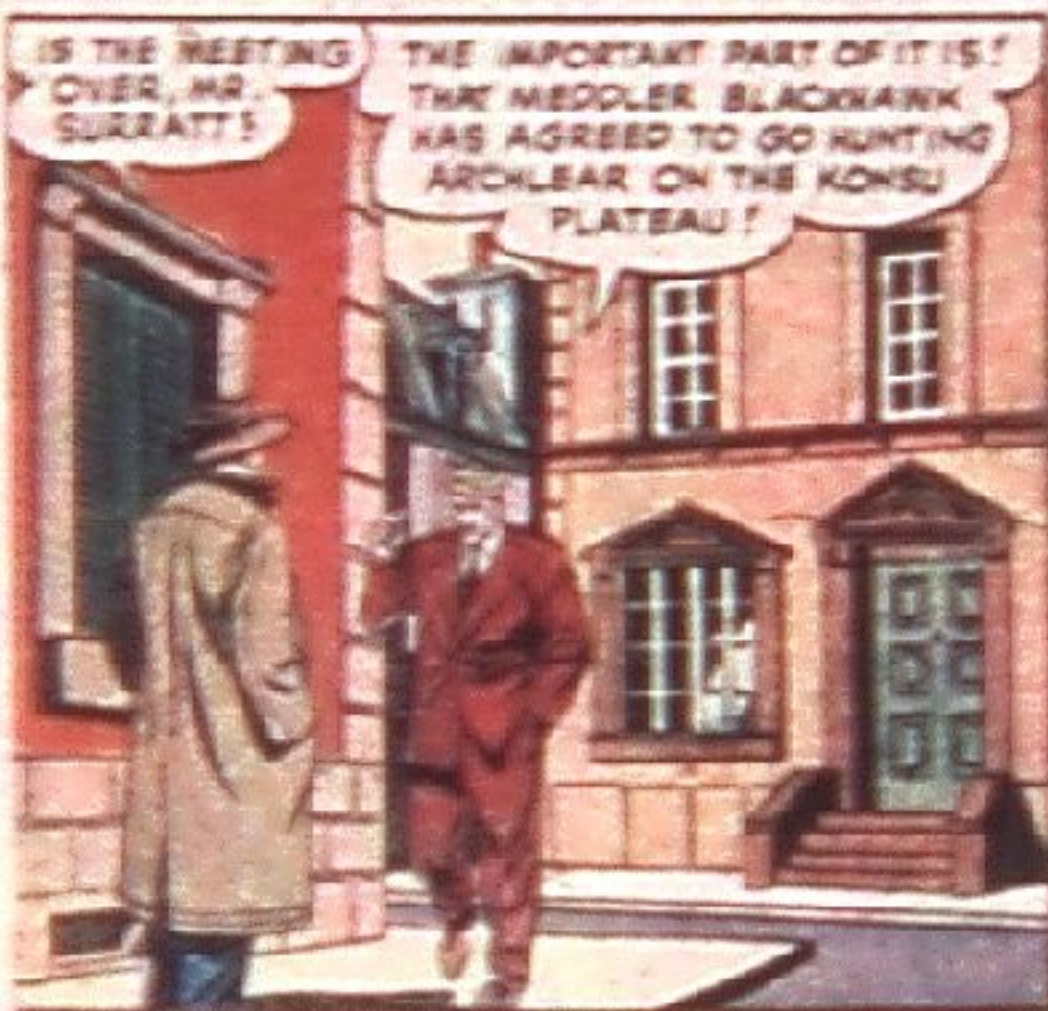
ACCEPT, YOU SAY! I CAME HERE TODAY FULLY PREPARED TO DO SO! THE WORLD NEEDS THE ARCHLEAR ENGINE FOR FUTURE BENEFITS!

WELL, WELL! HOW GENEROUS OF **BLACKHAWK!** BUT I HADN'T PLANNED ON THIS AT ALL!





# BLACKHAWK



IS THE MEETING OVER, MR. SURRETT?

THE IMPORTANT PART OF IT IS! THAT MEDDLER BLACKHAWK HAS AGREED TO GO HUNTING ARCHLEAR ON THE KONSU PLATEAU!



BLACKHAWK! ...AND HIS DEVIL CREW OF FLYING FIGHTERS? WHEN I SIGNED FOR SERVICE WITH YOU I DIDN'T AGREE TO—

WHEN YOU TOOK SERVICE WITH ME, YOU AGREED TO OBEY ORDERS! SUMMON YOUR MOST SKILLFUL ASSASSINS AND STOP THE BLACKHAWKS!



ARCHLEAR'S GENERAL RELEASE OF HIS ENGINE WAS FOR ONLY ONE YEAR! IF HE REMAINS LOST, OUR COMPANY CAN CASH IN ON THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF HIS ENGINE!

YOU'RE THE BOSS, MR. SURRETT! I'LL DO AS YOU SAY!



ANDRE ... OLAF ... TAKE OFF FIRST! RENDRICKSON AND STANISLAUS ... NEXT! CHUCK AND CHOP CHOP LAST! FLY TO KAWR CITY, AT THE FOOT OF THE KONSU PLATEAU!

BUT YOU AREN'T STAYING BEHIND, BLACKHAWK?



NOT FOR LONG, CHUCK! BUT I'M DELAYING — FOR GOOD REASONS!

BLACKHAWK ALWAYS GOTTEE SOMETHING UP SLEEVE — BESIDE GOOD STRONG ARM!



THERE THEY GO, MR. SURRETT! WE'RE READY TO FOLLOW AS SOON AS THEY PULL OUT OF SIGHT!



SOUNDS SNEAKY! I'M GLAD I LAGGED BEHIND TO CHECK UP!

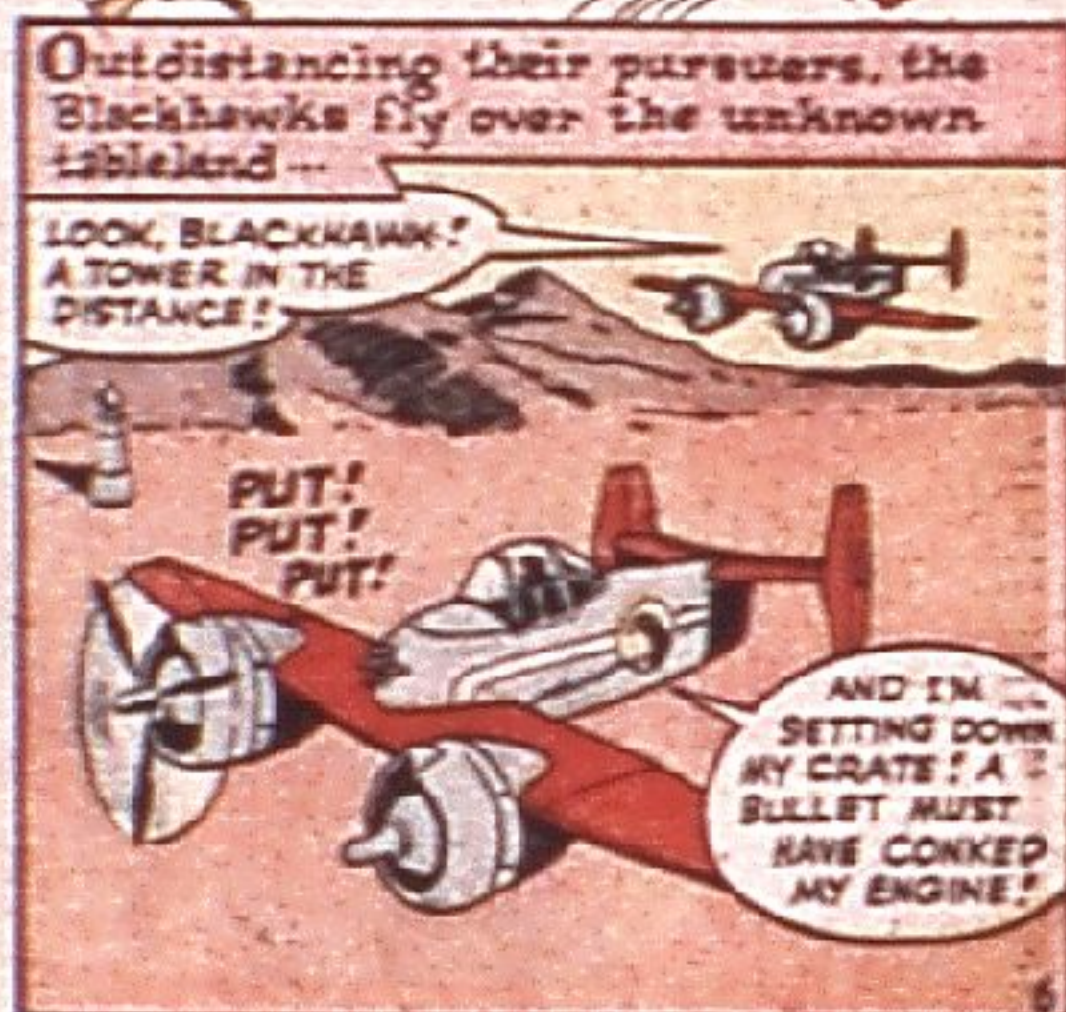
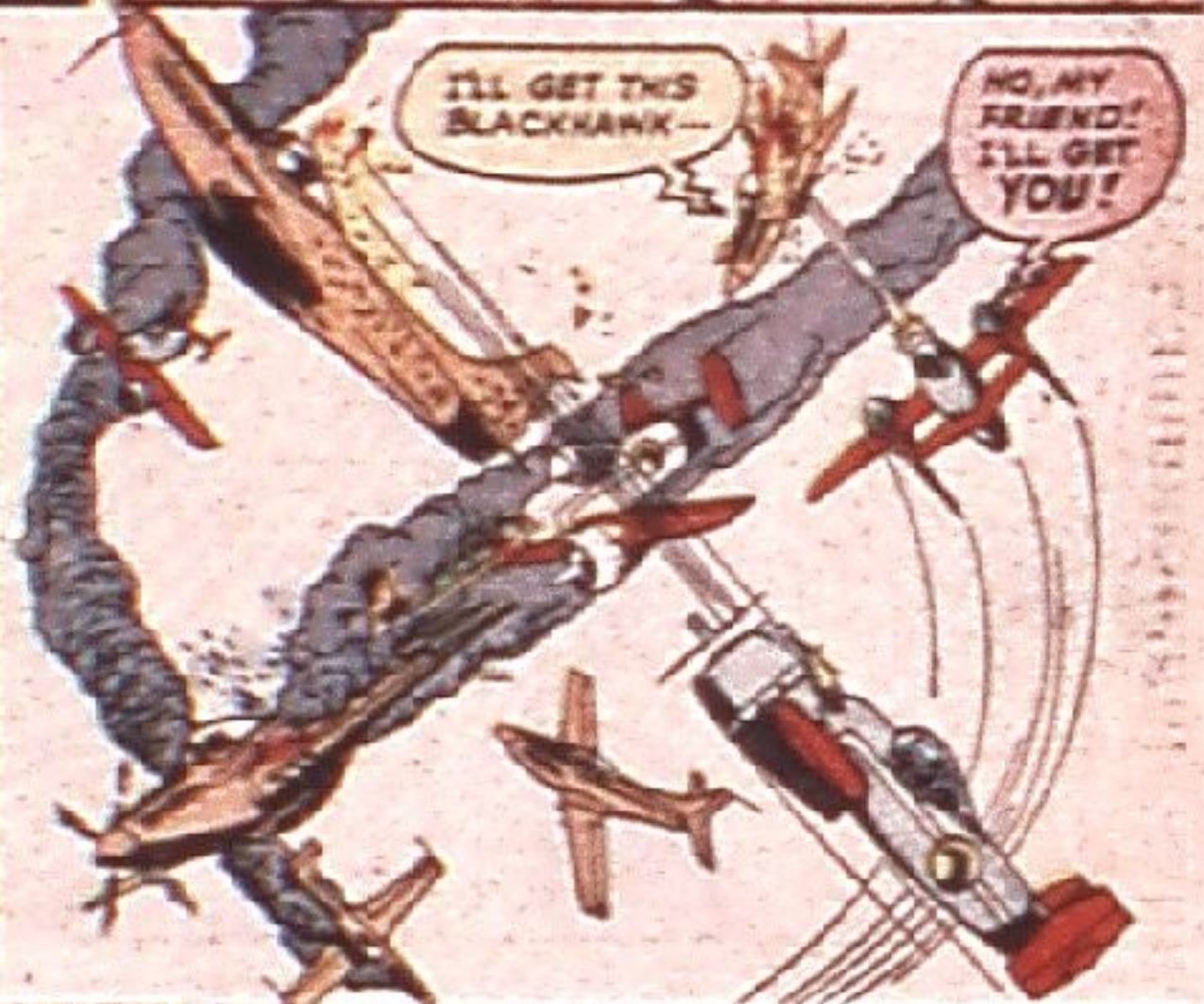
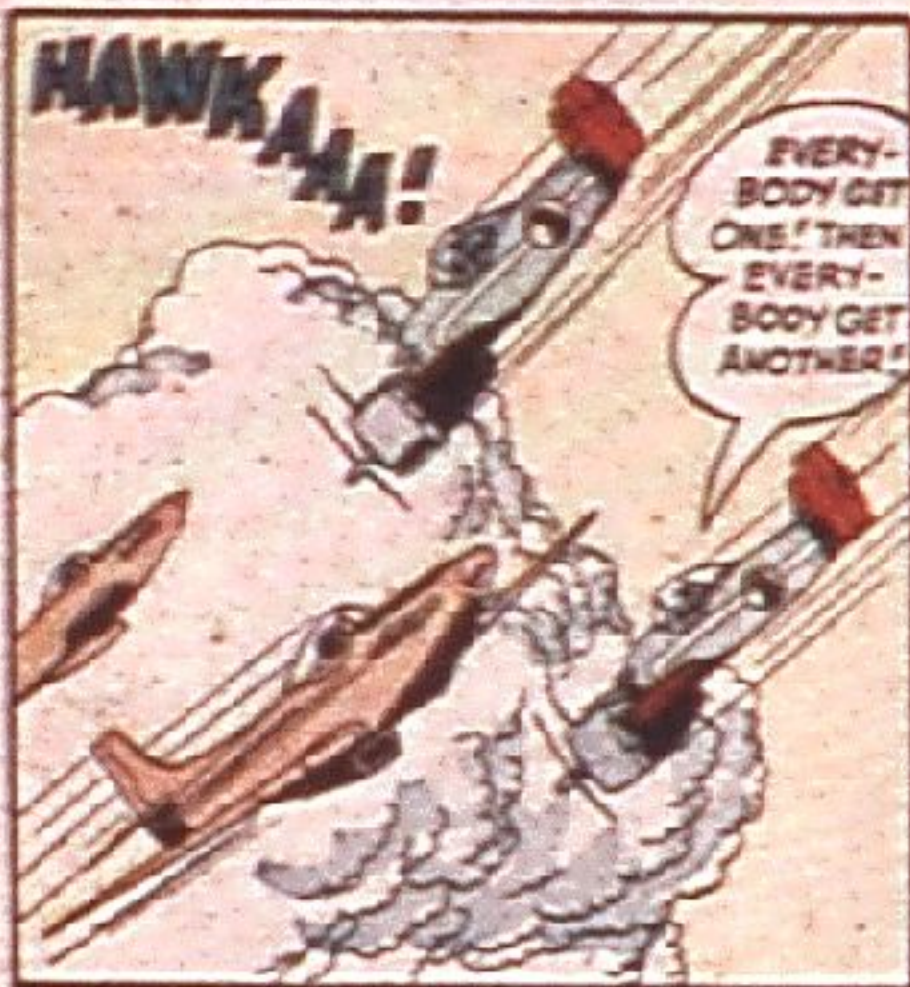














# BLACKHAWK



YOU ARE IN TROUBLE, BLACKHAWK?

NOT ME—ONLY MY MOTOR! I'LL LAND BY THE TOWER...THE REST OF YOU PICK BETTER GROUND AND THEN JOIN ME!



WHAT A MASTERFUL LANDING! I DON'T THINK THERE'S MORE THAN ONE PILOT IN THE WORLD WHO COULD LAND LIKE THAT—IT MUST BE—

BLACKHAWK!

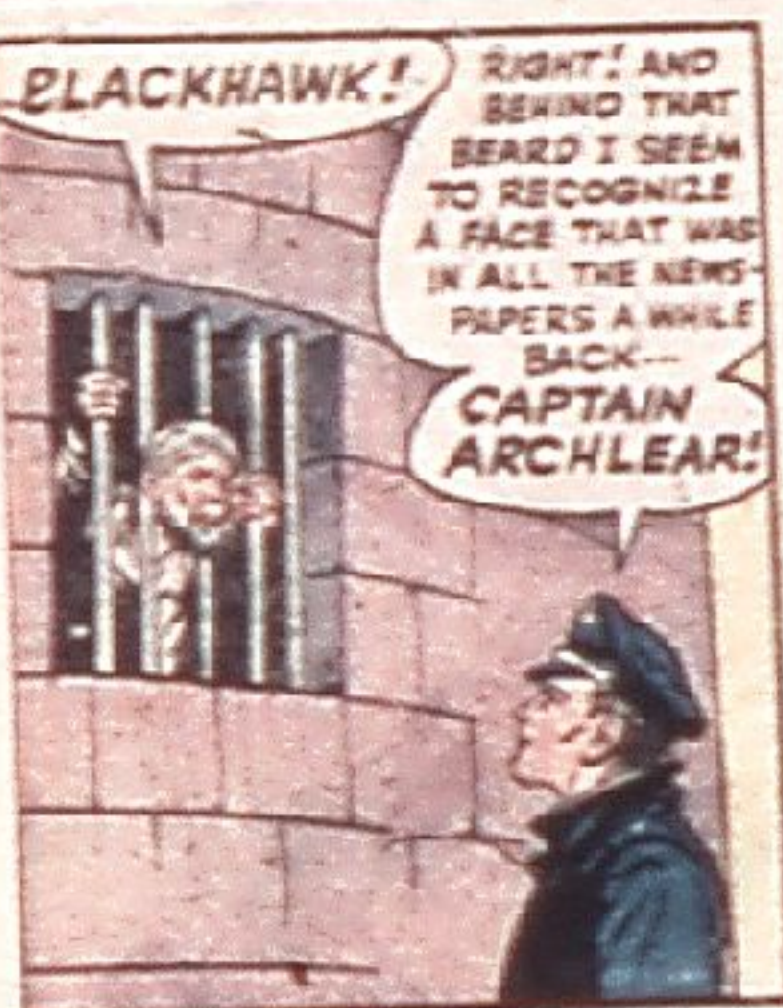
RIGHT! AND BEHIND THAT BEARD I SEEM TO RECOGNIZE A FACE THAT WAS IN ALL THE NEWS-PAPERS A WHILE BACK—CAPTAIN ARCHLEAR!

ON MY LAST TEST FLIGHT MY ENGINE WAS TAMPERED WITH AND I HAD TO LAND HERE, JUST LIKE YOU! SURRETT'S SNEAKY HENCHMEN LOCKED ME UP!

HE WANTS YOUR ENGINE FOR HIMSELF! HOW ARE YOU BEING TREATED?

HE KEEPS ME ALIVE! WANTS ME TO PERFECT THE ENGINE FOR HIM—SO FAR I'VE REFUSED...

THE BLUE-COATED STRANGER DOES NOT SUSPECT US! LEAP BEFORE HE KNOWS!



YOU COWARDS! STRIKING MY FRIEND FROM BEHIND—

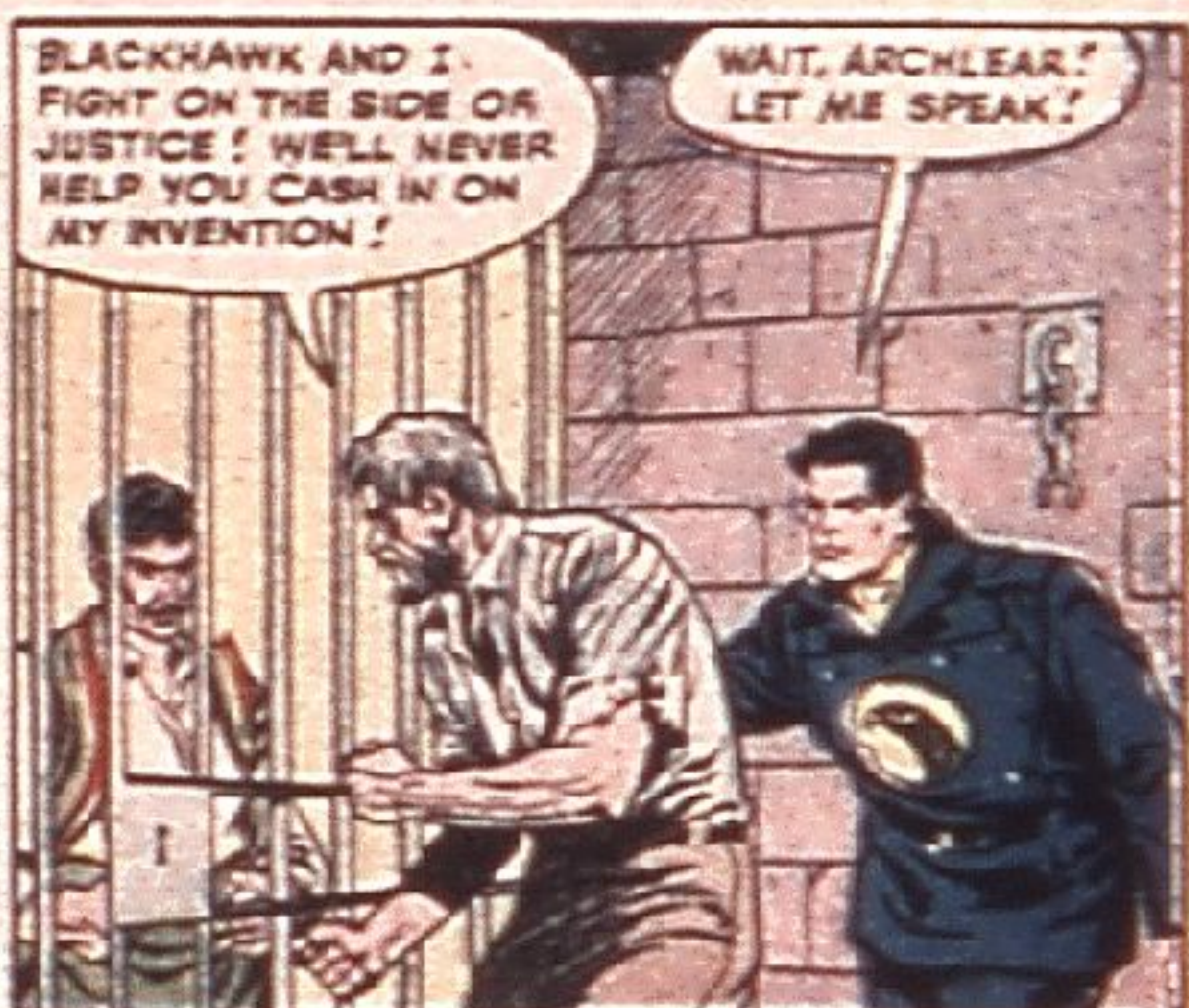
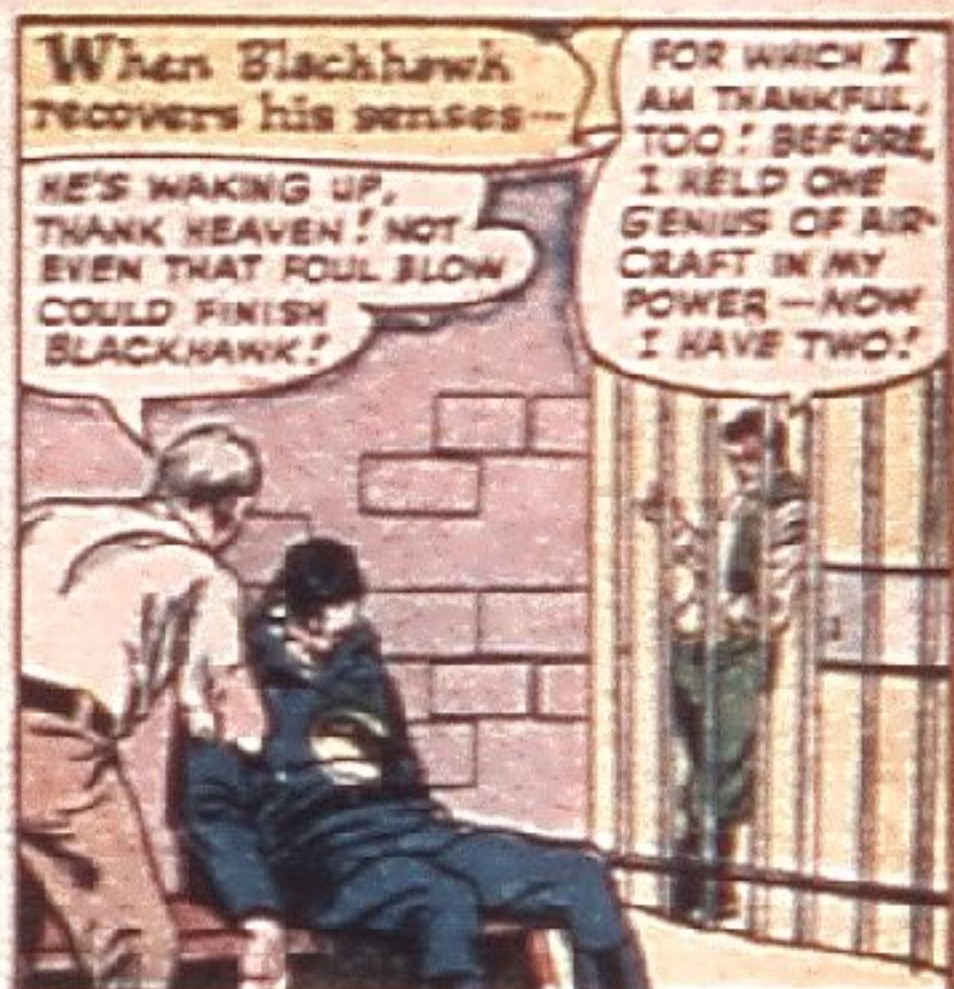
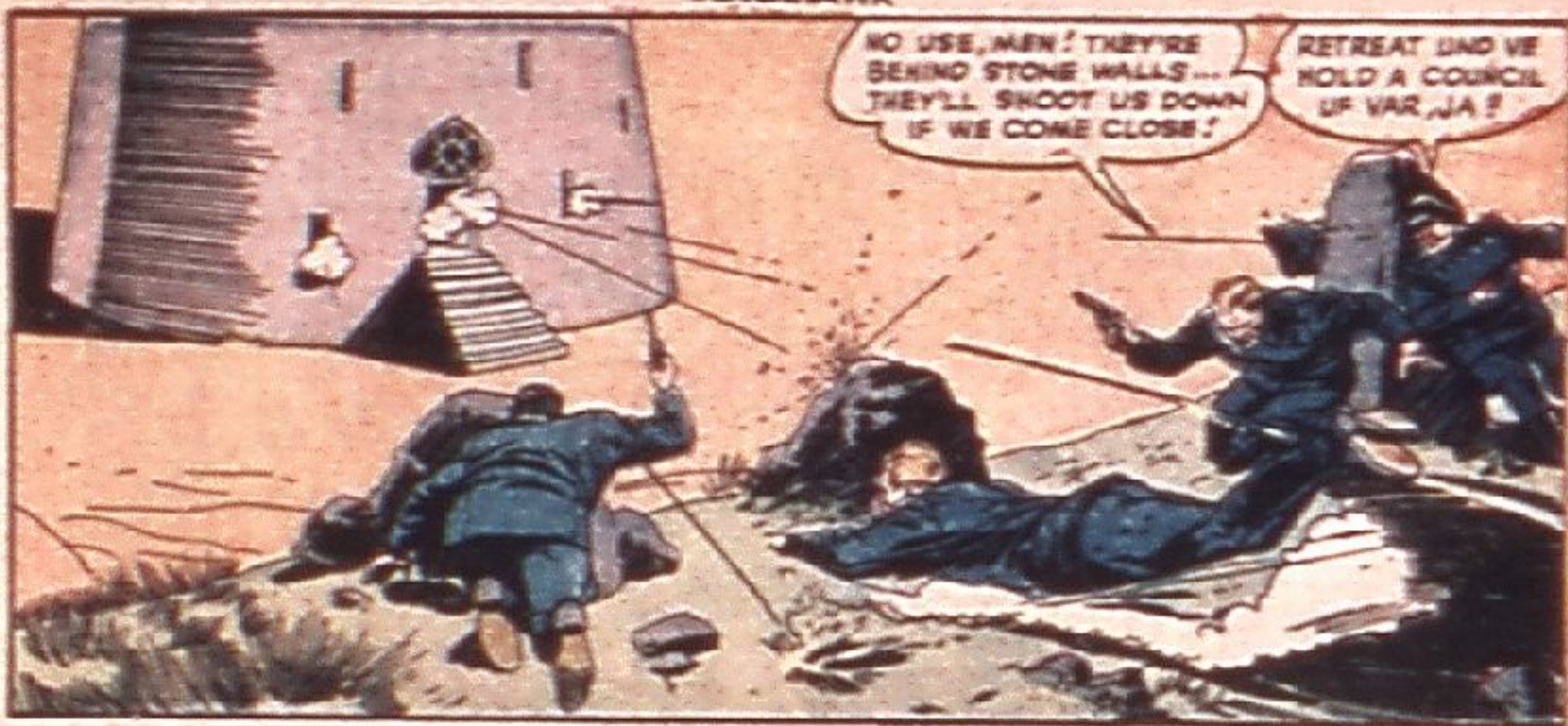
IF HE IS YOUR FRIEND, YOU CAN TALK OVER OLD TIMES IN YOUR DUNGEON!

REGARDEZ! LES MAUVAISES TYPES—ZEY DRAG BLACKHAWK INSIDE!

CHARGE AND RESCUE HIM!















STANISLAUS FLIES ZE PLANE!  
OLAF AND I DO ZE PARACHUTE  
JUMPS! HENDRICKSON, YOU LEAD  
ZE ATTACK ON ZE DOOR WHEN  
WE ARE INSIDE!

JAWORL, ANDRE! DIS  
VILL BE ANUDDER  
BLACKHAWK TRIUMPH,  
NICHT WARR?



GO HIGH, STANISLAUS! CIRCLE  
AND CUT ZE MOTOR -- GLIDE  
SILENTLY ABOVE ZE  
TOWER!

I'M READY!  
GET SET WITH  
YOUR PART OF  
THE RAID, YOU  
-TWO!



Soundless as a bird, the  
plane passes over the strong-  
hold of Surratt --

GERONIMO!

AY BAN SEE  
ONE FALLER  
ON TOP OF  
DAS TOWER!



WHAT  
ARE  
YOU --  
OWW!

YOUR BOOTS  
GEEV HIM ZE  
SILENT TREAT-  
MENT, OLAF!  
NOW WE CAN  
ENTER WIZOUT  
TROUBLE!



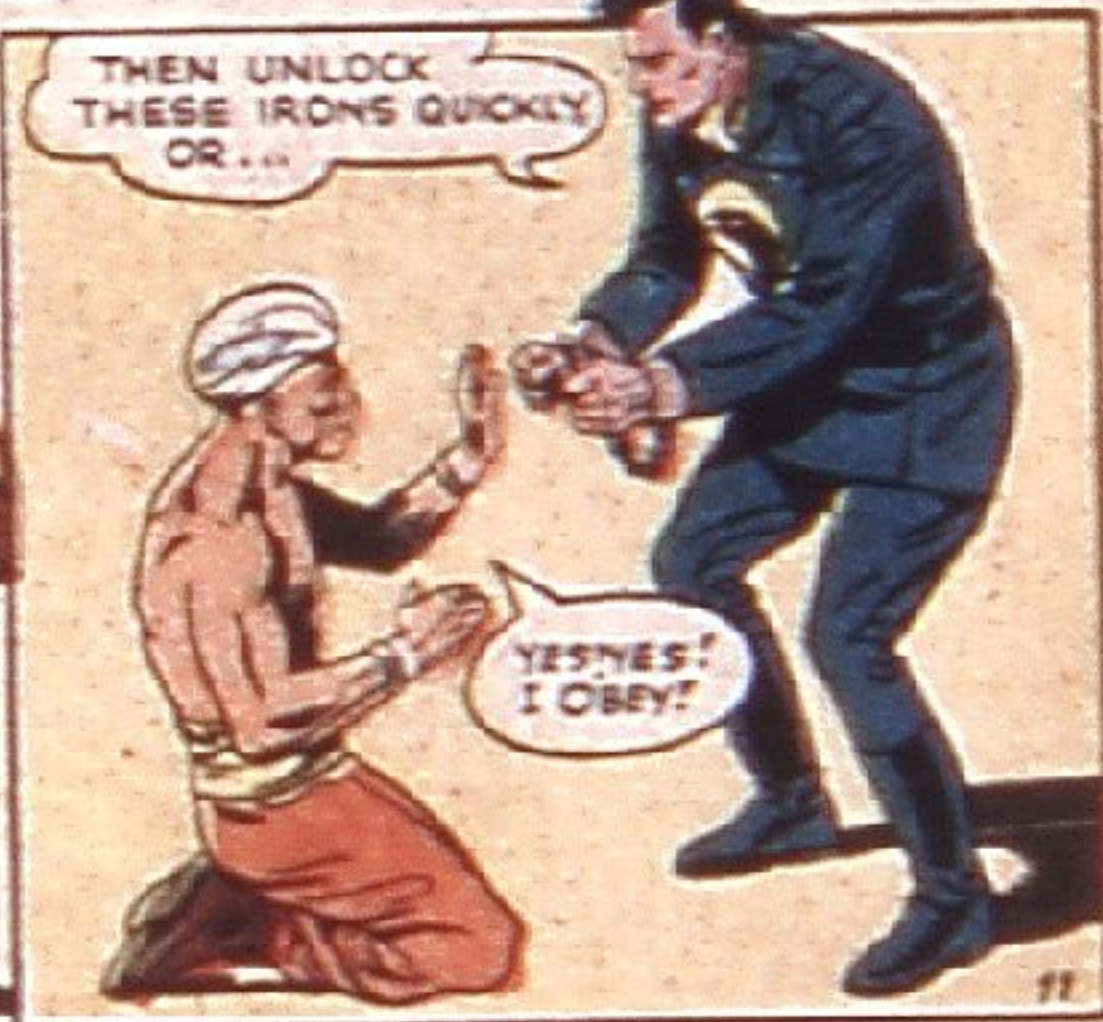
BUT ALORS! ZE WAY  
DOWN -- BUT ZE LADDER  
HAS BEEN TAKEN AWAY!

AY BAN SEE  
SOFT STUFF FOR  
MAKE LANDING  
ON! WATCH!



ENFIN,  
WELL DONE!  
I FOLLOW!







As Surratt rallies his men—

FIRE AT THOSE TWO! KILL THEM IF THEY SHOW THEIR FACES! WE'LL WATCH THE MAIN DOOR FOR ANY OTHER FOOLS WHO DARE ATTACK!



YES, I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING!

AND I SEE SOMETHING! PREPARE TO DRIVE THEM BACK!



DOO WAS CLOSE!

ANOTHER SHOT AND THEY'LL GET ONE OF US, EVEN IN THIS DARKNESS!



IF YOU DARE FIRE ON MY FRIENDS—

I'LL FIRE ON YOU, BLACKHAWK! YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU LEFT YOUR CHAINS!



NICE WORK, SURRETT! YOUR BULLET KILLS YOUR OWN SERVANT!

WAIT, SURRETT! I HAVE SOME OLD ACQUAINTANCES YOU'LL WANT TO MEET!

I WON'T WAIT—I'M GOING!





BLACKHAWK!  
ALLEE LIGHT...  
YES? YOU  
GETTEE  
AWAY?

THE FUN'S JUST  
STARTING! SOME  
TROUBLE YONDER—  
LET'S GET INTO  
IT!

OH, SO THEY'VE GOT  
ANDRE AND OLAF OUT-  
NUMBERED! GET CLOSE  
TO YOUR WORK, BOYS!

**HAWKAAA!**



DON'T LET THEM ESCAPE!  
ROUND UP ALL OF THEM!



THEY'RE ALL HERE—  
EXCEPT SURRETT  
HIMSELF!

SURRETT! I THINK I  
KNOW WHERE HE'S  
GONE! WAIT HERE  
FOR ME!

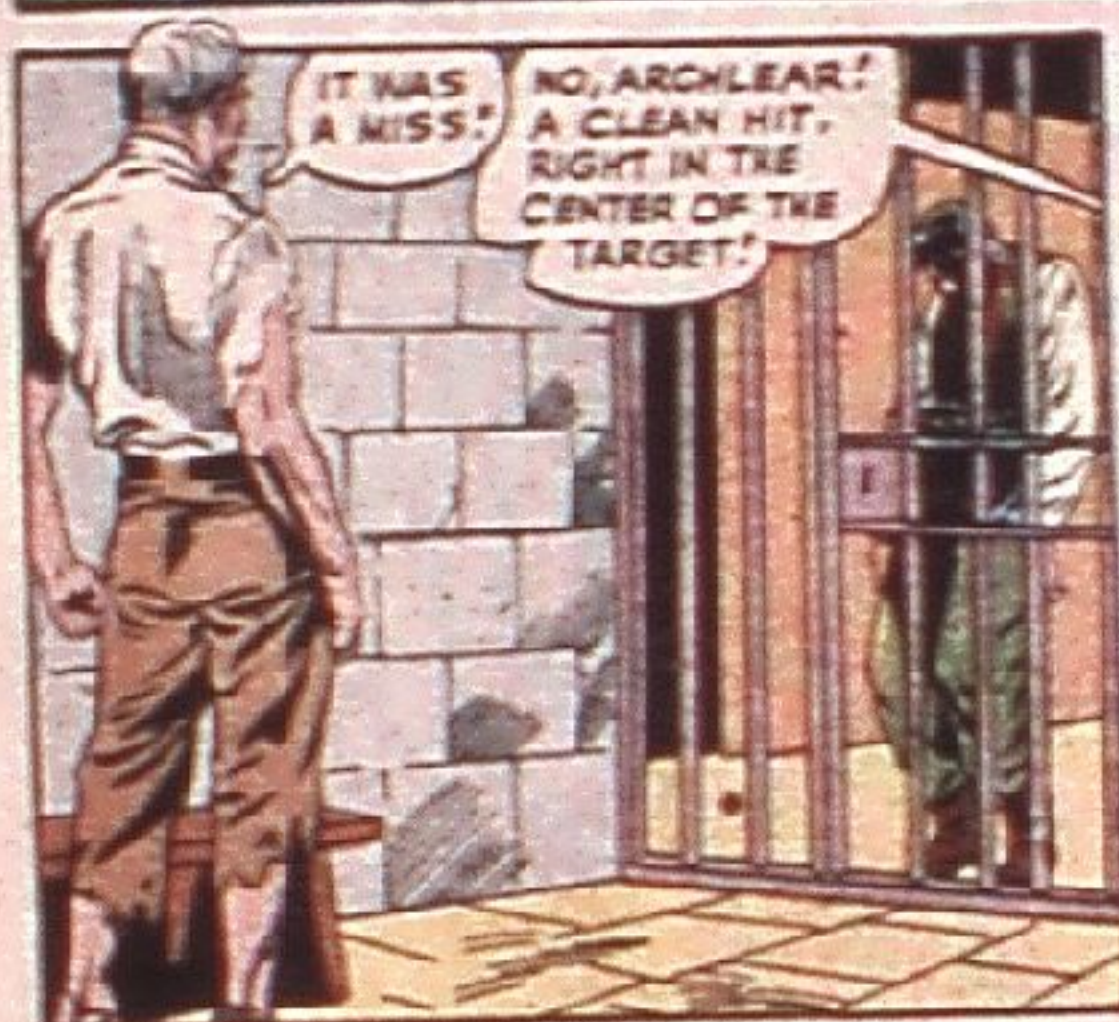
YES,  
WHO  
IS IT?

SURRETT, CAPTAIN  
ARCHLEAR! I'VE  
COME FOR WHAT  
WILL BE OUR  
LAST TALK!

THINGS ARE GOING  
WRONG FOR ME... BUT  
YOU WON'T LIVE TO  
SEE FREEDOM! I  
HOPE YOU SAID YOUR  
PRAYERS EARLIER,  
BECAUSE I'M NOT  
GOING TO GIVE YOU  
TIME NOW!









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It's Wise  
To Be Thrifty

**\$1.98**  
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Complete With  
Battery & Bulb

Put Your Coins In  
Slot and Press-in!

**JUKE BOX  
BLAZES WITH LIGHT  
AS IT FLASHES:**

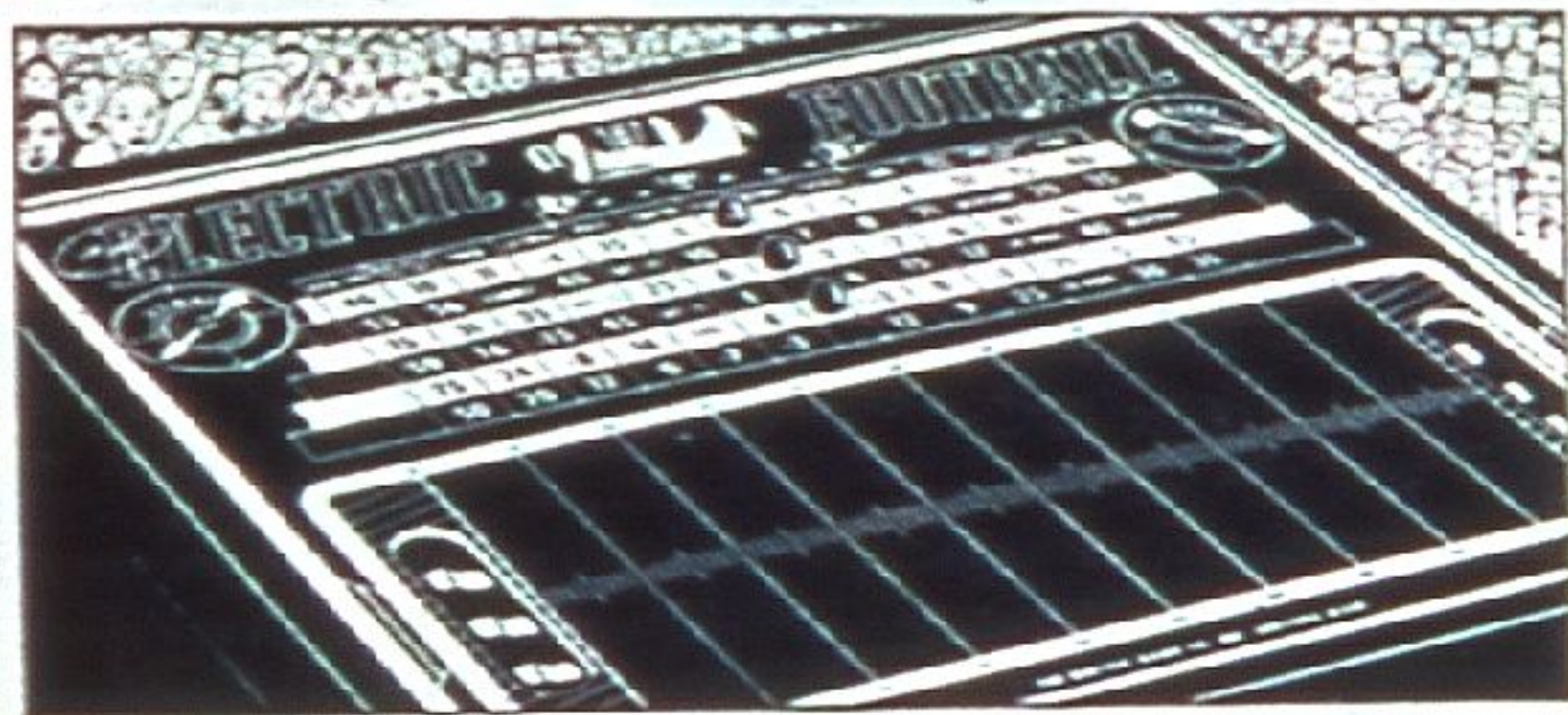
*It's Wise to Be Thrifty*

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. JB-70



# NEW! Jim Prentice, Amazing, Exciting, 1949, ELECTRIC FOOTBALL

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC CO., 25 Front St., Natick, Mass.



## GET SET for Breath-taking ACTION

This wonderful electric game is loaded with football, true-to-life action. It takes a keen knowledge of the game to win - no cheating, outplay your man. Electric keys at each end of the playing field, send currents through a mass of wires. Lights flash the play! Yards gained or lost depend on the keys actually passed by you and your opponent. It's a thrill when you hit the right combination... go crashing through for a long run.

Originally this game sold for \$5. Today it is 100 per cent better in every way and sells for one-half the price, \$2.50 complete. It is an amazing value for the money.



**Hi BOYS!** ELECTRIC FOOTBALL, besides being one hundred times as much fun to play, is a most attractive article. The frame is powder-blue pine, lacquered bright yellow. The game's handsome top is covered with a special non-slip material that always keeps close and sure.

The electric switch keys are nickel-plated. Each key, when pressed, closes three circuits. No. 12 colored copper wire is used with brass metal shells, like insulated. Each of the 12 combinations is securely insulated by experts. The lamps (1.25 mini flashlight bulbs) are beautifully colored.

Games are 16 x 16 inches, come complete with lamps, battery, full directions. You are now playing the newest game upon the best.

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# "U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"SAVING THE SECRET  
SUPERSONIC PLANE"



THE ARMY  
AIR FIELD, U.S.  
ROYAL AND THE  
BOYS OF THE  
ELM CITY BIKE  
CLUB USE THEIR  
SPECIAL PAS-  
SES TO SEE THE  
NEW SECRET  
SUPERSONIC  
PLANE. SUDDENLY...



LOOK! FIRE  
IN THE HANGAR!



THOSE TWO FELLOWS  
RUNNING TOWARD THE  
PLANE-- I DON'T LIKE  
THEIR LOOKS!

MAYBE THEY  
STARTED THE FIRE  
TO GET THE  
GUARD AWAY FROM  
THE PLANE!



LOOK, ROYAL,  
THEY'RE MAKING OFF  
WITH THE PLANE!

THEY WON'T GET FAR  
IF I CAN HELP IT...  
MEANWHILE, YOU  
FELLAS NOTIFY  
THE F. B. I.



WITH THAT PLANE'S  
HEAD START AND 100  
MILE TAXI-SPEED,  
THIS IS A BIG ORDER--  
EVEN FOR MY  
JET BIKE!

JUST AS THE POWERFUL  
PLANE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE  
THE GROUND, U.S. JAMS  
THE PLANE'S ELEVATORS,  
PREVENTS THE TAKE-OFF!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WE HATE TO THINK WHAT MIGHT  
HAVE HAPPENED IF THESE FELLOWS  
HAD GOTTEN AWAY WITH THE ARMY'S  
SECRET PLANE... THE F. B. I. CAN  
THANK YOU BOYS FOR SEEING  
THAT THEY  
DIDN'T.



AND WE  
CAN THANK  
OUR U.S.  
ROYALS FOR REAL  
BIKE SPEED  
WITH  
SAFETY!

FELLAS, WHEN YOU GO FOR ALL-  
OUT SPEED, YOU WANT TO BE  
SURE EVERYTHING'S UNDER CON-  
TROL. INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL  
BIKE TIRES, WITH THEIR SPECIAL  
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, FOR REAL  
CONTROL AT TOP SPEED.



"FOR SPEED PLUS SAFETY,  
IT'S THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-  
IN SKID CHAIN FOR ME"...  
SAYS U.S. ROYAL



U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THE  
SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, GIVE YOU  
TOP PERFORMANCE AND PERFECT CON-  
TROL. NO WONDER U.S. IS AMERICA'S  
FASTEST-SELLING BIKE TIRE!

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